

TWENTY CENTS

JANUARY 19, 1953

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

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VOL. LXI NO. 3



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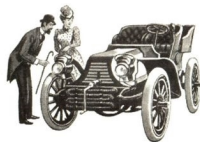
*TODAY as
YESTERDAY*

1928 PLYMOUTH — the first Plymouth — was powered by a 4-cylinder, 45-h.p. engine. It was the first car in the low-priced class to have 4-wheel hydraulic brakes.

...CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE



1904 GENERAL ELECTRIC had a novel electric transmission. A gasoline engine ran a generator which supplied power to two electric motors driving the rear wheels. There was no gear shift.



1900 GASMOBILE was the first 6-cylinder car sold in the U. S. It actually had two 3-cylinder engines. Though hailed as "futuristic," the company failed in 1902.



1953 PLYMOUTH Belvedere is powered by a 100-h.p., high compression engine. It's described as the "first truly balanced car in the low-priced field."



**ETHYL
CORPORATION**

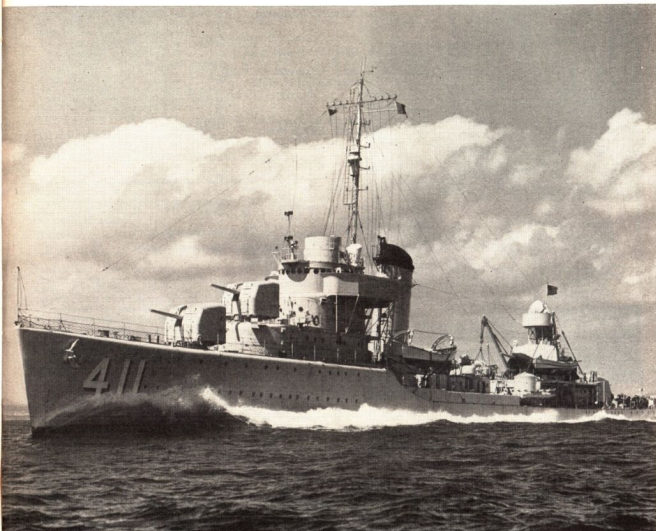
New York 17, New York
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada

IN 1928, automobile advertisements offered "flashy power at your fingertips." Then, as now, car owners wanted better performance—and "Ethyl" gasoline helped them get it.

And just as the car of today is far superior to the average car of a quarter century ago—so, too, has "Ethyl" gasoline improved over the years. Today's "Ethyl" gasoline helps you get top power and performance.

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GUNNISON HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

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"I get all the sleep I need!"



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**NEW EXTRA-RICH
SANKA COFFEE**

**It's delicious! It's 97% caffeine-free!
It lets you sleep!**

LETTERS

Woman of the Year

Sir:

The fact that most of your readers will have felt a warm elation at seeing the Queen's face is the best and only real reason for winning this prominent place . . .

HERBERT ALBRECHT

Springfield, Pa.

Sir:

Your asinine choice for "Woman of the Year" was incredible. What did Elizabeth do this past year to deserve this recognition? . . .

MRS. RALPH R. ROSS

Las Vegas, Nev.

SIR:

DISGUSTING. IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN IRE. GEORGE FOSTER BROWN

JACKSON, MISS.

One-Town Skirmish

Sir:

I have to thank you on behalf of my other comrades for your leading article [TIME, Dec. 29]. You cannot imagine what a world of good the publication has done. Letters have been streaming in to all of us, especially to Mrs. Switzer, and it affords one great joy to know that there are a great many sympathizers for the noble cause which alone has a tremendous power to stay the tide of that monstrous ideology, Communism . . .

JOSEPH ENUENWEMBA OBI

McPherson College

McPherson, Kans.

Sir:

As a trustee of Central College of McPherson, Kansas, I deeply appreciate the article entitled "The One-Town Skirmish."

As a Christian institution, Central College has always maintained that there should be no discrimination against any person because of race or color . . . The students from Nigeria have all the privileges accorded others, mixing freely with those of the Caucasian race in the dining hall and dormitories, and all other school activities. This, we believe, is the only position which may be taken, according to the Holy Scriptures . . .

May I call your attention, however, to an (understandable) error? . . . Central College is sponsored and operated by the Free

Methodist Church of North America, an entirely separate church from the Methodist Episcopal Church . . .

J. L. COFFMAN

Tulsa, Okla.

Sir:

Congratulations to Mrs. Rozella Switzer, Correspondent John McCormally, and Time for bringing us the most inspiring and timely Christmas story of our generation . . .

VICTOR W. HAFELICH

Garden City, Kans.

Sir:

My reactions shuttle from anger to pity for the benighted clergyman in McPherson who cautioned Postmistress Rozella Switzer that "we must be careful we're not called Communists . . ."

As for Postmistress Switzer, God bless her!

EARL S. JOHNSON

Homewood, Ill.

Sir:

At this time of the year, who in God's world cares to read of the misguided efforts of some obscure woman publicity seeker in Kansas? . . .

MACK H. JONES

San Francisco

The Real Sponsor

SIR:

RE YOUR STORY [TIME, JAN. 5] ON OMNIBUS TELEVISION PROGRAM: AMERICAN CAR & FOUNDRY CO. IS NOT ONE OF SPONSORS. YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY CO., 16 PLANTS, CREATORS AND PRODUCERS OF ELECTRONIC AND MECHANICAL PRODUCTS FOR INDUSTRY AND ARMED FORCES SINCE 1900 . . .

R. L. MAXWELL

VICE PRESIDENT

AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY CO.

TUCKAHOE, N.Y.

Easy Going

Sir:

It is most gratifying to find Time's cover story [Dec. 29] devoted to two outstanding names in the world of art and art museums. To everyone who works in this field for the public interest, such strong recognition of the symbols of accomplishment is the most heartening kind of encouragement. Every museum and museum director should find the going a

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TIME
January 19, 1953

Volume LXI
Number 3

TIME, JANUARY 19, 1953



SELF-PORTRAIT—A SENIOR DRAWING

WILL BRING TREASURES OF THE WORLD'S ART MUSEUMS
INTO YOUR HOME *for yourself and your children*

The Most Famous Paintings of Leonardo da Vinci

THE LATEST EXAMPLE
OF AN EXCITING
PROJECT BY WHICH
The Metropolitan
Museum of Art

24 Miniatures **IN FULL COLOR—SIZE SHOWN →**

*including details of THE LAST SUPPER and other famous
paintings . . . with a 32-page descriptive Album*

FIVE HUNDRED years ago an illegitimate child was born in the little Italian village of Vinci. This unwanted child, named Leonardo, "grew up from the obscurity and humiliation of his birth to become the very incarnation of the Italian Renaissance and the patron saint of all who love beauty and truth."

Today Leonardo's immortal paintings are scattered through the museums of France, Italy and England. To see them would require months of travel. Indeed, some are deteriorating with age and sooner or later will vanish into shadows of themselves.

Fortunately for art lovers, The Metropolitan Museum of Art has reproduced the most famous of Leonardo's paintings, so that families everywhere can study and enjoy them in their own homes. Once a month the Museum prepares separate sets of full-color prints, such as this. Each set deals with a different artist or school and contains 24 fine Miniatures and a 32-page Album, in which the artists and their work are discussed, and in which the prints can be affixed in given spaces.

Thus, eventually, the most interesting and most representative work of every period, school and great painter from leading museums here and in Europe will be encompassed. In effect, as it proceeds, the project will be an informal but comprehensive course in both the history and appreciation of art. Yet the plan is of such a nature that it can be enjoyed by persons of all ages.

A SUGGESTION: To acquaint yourself visually with the project, we suggest that you send for this single set of 24 Miniatures of MASTERPIECES OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. Or, if you wish to subscribe now on a continuing basis, you can do so with the right to stop whenever you please. Especially valuable sets that will shortly follow will present the work of Raphael, Goya, Rubens and Michelangelo. As a subscriber you will receive with your first Album, and with every sixth thereafter, a handsome Portfolio in which the Albums may be kept for constant enjoyment and reference. The price for each set is \$1.25, including Album.



MONA LISA

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OF 24 MINIATURES**

*including a 32-page Album
containing explanatory notes
about the artist and his work:* **\$1.25**

PLEASE NOTE: Since The Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club, of New York, act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All matters having to do with distribution are handled by the Club.



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little easier as a result of your able coverage of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Francis Henry Taylor.

BURTON CUMMING
Director

American Federation of Arts
New York City

Sir:

In your article on Francis Henry Taylor, you mention his "striking resemblance to Rodin's bust of Louis XVI." Last summer, while visiting the Huntington Library at San

Huntington Gallery



Marino, Calif., I was struck by this very resemblance. But the bust I was looking at is by a contemporary of Louis XVI, J. A. Houdon. If there is a bust of this monarch by Rodin, please print a reproduction and settle the question of Houdon!

S. LANE FAISON JR.
Williamstown, Mass.

Reader Faison is right. Houdonit (see cut).—Ed.

Sir:

... It was difficult to sum up the true character of the museum mentor until I read his comment: "The museum is one of the few places where the population can escape from the impositions of an age starved for spiritual values." Anyone who can express himself and his job so completely is deserving of the responsibility placed in his custody.

GILES E. PADEL

Port Sulphur, La.

Not-So-Jolly Roger

Sir:

I protest against the inaccurate, distorted story that appeared [TIME, Dec. 29] about me. . . I was not in Marseille waiting to dispose of any loot. I am not a criminal. I have never been arrested in my life until this happened. As for your reference to the Jolly Roger and pirates, I get seasick when the anchor goes up and I don't know the difference between a peashooter and a cap pistol. I am a legitimate exporter and nylon manufacturer, and the worst offense I have ever been guilty of was traffic violations.

SIDNEY H. PALEY

Tangier, Morocco

Exporter Paley was found guilty of conspiring to commit piracy and sentenced to three years in a Federal penitentiary. The case will be appealed.—Ed.

Mr. Krock's Ivory Tower

Sir:

THE ATTEMPT OF PUNDIT ARTHUR KROCK [TIME, JAN. 5] TO LIMIT THE POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE GREAT AND GENTLE JIM HAGERTY TO THE CONFINES OF NEW YORK STATE SET ME LAUGHING FIT TO KILL.

AS ONE WHO FOR NEARLY 30 YEARS HAS COVERED CAMPAIGNS ACROSS THE COUNTRY WITH THE TIMES'S HAGERTY, I CAN TESTIFY THE KROCK LETTER HITS A NEW HIGH IN ABSURDITY.

JIM NEEDS NO DEFENSE FROM ME BUT I WRITE TO SUGGEST A LADDER BE PLACED ALONGSIDE MR. KROCK'S IVORY TOWER IN THE HOPE HE CAN BE PERSUADED TO CLAMBER DOWN TO THE REALITIES OF THE BUSINESS IN WHICH HE IS EMPLOYED.

CLINT MOSHER
POLITICAL EDITOR

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER
SAN FRANCISCO

TIME, JANUARY 19, 1953



"I OUGHT TO PUNCH YOU IN THE NOSE!"

"I never saw a man get so mad, and I could hardly blame him. There was his brand new car with one of those big fenders all bashed in . . . and it was my fault. I'm not a wild driver, but the traffic downtown was maddening. I had been inching along, when I saw an opening . . . but I miscalculated.

"When I could get a word in edgewise I explained that I was insured for Property Damage, but he was still boiling when he drove off. I called Liberty Mutual and their claims man arranged a prompt settlement. When I heard later how much a fender job costs on a new car, I was thankful I had taken the advice of my Liberty Mutual man

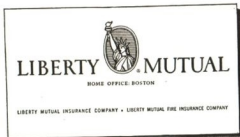
and carried Property Damage insurance.

"Last night my phone rang. A voice said: 'Sorry I lost my temper the other day. Just wanted to tell you how well your insurance people treated me.'"

If you should ever have an accident,

you would want friendly, expert help to see you through the whole experience. The Liberty Mutual claims man is "your friend on the highway." He's a full-time company representative, serving no other interests except yours as a policyholder. He's trained to go into action fast . . . paying fair claims promptly, protecting you from fraudulent or exaggerated claims.

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FROM
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(PRESIDENT, CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO.)

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"We've made great progress in this. Today, the Cessna 170 is America's largest-selling personal and company airplane and Cessna 170 and 190 Series airplanes are being used by thousands of ordinary

ALL-NEW SILHOUETTE—from the spinner on nose to the new "square" tail design which was adopted from Jet aircraft. This tail assembly increases speed by eliminating trim tabs and reducing "drag." One of the secrets of the "Golden Year" 180's speed and fine flight characteristics is its exceptional aerodynamic cleanliness!



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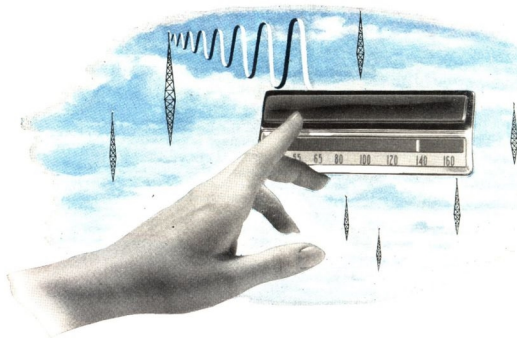
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Dear Time-Reader

When *TIME*'s Education Editor Bruce Barton Jr. was writing a cover story on Robert M. Hutchins (*TIME*, Nov. 21, 1949), then chancellor of the University of Chicago, one of the many men he interviewed was playwright Thornton Wilder. Barton found Wilder to be one of the best authorities on Hutchins. Wilder and Hutchins first met at college (Oberlin and Yale), and Hutchins later invited Wilder to serve on his faculty at Chicago.

For last week's cover story on Wilder, the tables were turned. Interviewed in Pasadena, Hutchins announced to a **TIME** correspondent: "I am the greatest living authority on Thornton Wilder. I think it is true that he is my best living friend; all the others have drunk themselves to death."

George Shalving
 Director, Research Center for
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 92037, USA
 E-mail: shalving@ucsd.edu

BRUCE BARTON JR.
The tables were turned.

thority" wasn't enough to produce the rounded picture of Wilder that Barton needed to write his cover story. In addition to interviews with a number of the writer's other friends and early associates, Barton and Researcher Marjorie Burns spent a day with Wilder's sister Isabel at her home in New Haven. There, in an interview punctuated by frequent trips to supervise plumbers who were installing a new dishwasher, Miss Wilder was extremely helpful in providing incidents from her brother's early life. Barton noticed that, for a writer, there were few books around the house, wondered about it aloud. Isabel explained that Wilder gave books away all the time, and that she could "barely hang on to copies of books written by members of the family"—a small library in itself, including three novels by Isabel. Giving away books seemed to be a family weakness; Researcher Burns was given a cookbook before they left. But Isabel Wilder was hesitant about disclosing her brother's whereabouts, knowing that he had gone to Europe with the intent of secluding himself to write, and the only address he gave was American Express, Paris.

That was the starting point for TIME's Paris bureau when they were asked to find the author himself. The American Express office was holding letters for Wilder, but didn't know where he was. Correspondent Fred Klein got in touch with the American Embassy. Paris publishers and others, finally received word that Wilder could probably be found at Saint-Moritz. After calling five hotels at Saint-Moritz, Klein located the writer at one

of them. Wilder promised to keep him posted on his address as he traveled.

Six days later, a postcard came from Zurich. A short time later, another card came from Munich, which read: "I feel like a man on parole reporting to my sponsor, Mr. Klein . . . Punctually yours, Thornton Wilder." Wilder moved on to Baden-Baden, then back to Munich, then to Innsbruck. London Correspondent A. T. Baker caught up with him there and spent four days with him.

Each day fell into a definite pattern. Reports Baker: "Wilder took mornings for work on a UNESCO report. We had lunch together, finding some quiet *Stube* where we could sit long after other guests had departed, while he talked and I scribbled, or prodded. Then usually a walk around the snowy town, with Wilder ducking into a baroque church, or discoursing on the quality of local theater or on what happened at this corner during the resistance uprising. Each evening we would dine together, then retire before 12 . . . He professes to long for solitude but can't stay in a town two days before acquiring acquaintances all over it."

"Wilder talked a lot in those four days, to his own amusement. Says he: 'Usually, when somebody asks me to talk about myself, I go all shy and change the subject.' But once, in a moment of exuberance, he cried: 'I have no secrets from you, Massa Baker!' And in a letter he wrote after I left, he said: 'You came to Innsbruck to extract by pickaxe a few timid and grudging facts from a fretful hermit, and what you got was Niagara from the Ancient Mariner.' He exhorted me to become a headmaster some day—which, coming from a teacher like himself, I took to be a compliment. He remembered Barton warmly, but as far as I remember had no recommendation for his becoming a headmaster—field probably crowded."

Baker's 15,000-word report provided the bulk of the additional material Barton needed to write his story—the fifth cover story he has done for TIME. The others: Hutchins, Wellesley President Margaret Clapp (Oct. 10, 1949), Denver School Superintendent Kenneth Oberholtzer (Feb. 20, 1950), and Yale President A. Whitney Griswold (June 11, 1951).

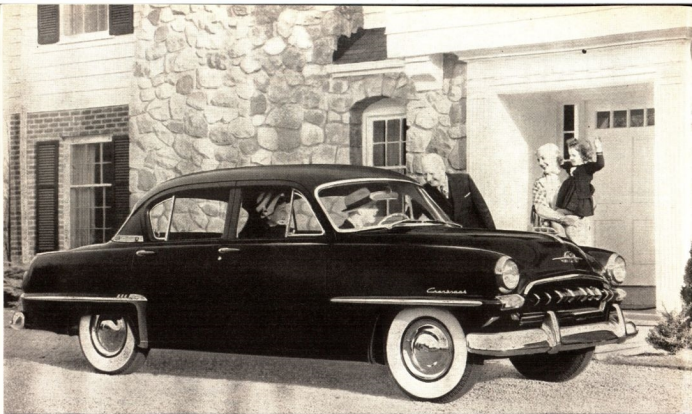
Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



Brian Seed

A. T. BAKER
Niagara from the
Ancient Mariner.



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THERE'S MORE QUALITY IN IT—YOU GET MORE VALUE OUT OF IT

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



THE NEW ADMINISTRATION*

Associated Press

Exploring the labyrinths would be a long, tough proposition.

THE NATION

Inertia

On the eve of turning the U.S. Government over to Ike Eisenhower, Harry Truman last week had a confession. "I could have clotted things up so he wouldn't get straightened out for a year." Truman, talking to a reporter, hastened to add: "Of course, I wouldn't do that and I told everybody in my Administration to cooperate fully in the turnover."

The statement was as interesting for what it admitted as for what it denied. Harry Truman was a genius with a political booby trap, and he knew it. He had, apparently, resisted that impulse. But even without clotting, the Truman Administration had done—or left undone—enough things to make the change-over a long, tough proposition.

Defense Secretary Lovett, a Republican himself, waited until last week to announce that the U.S. could hardly fight a war under the present chaotic setup of his Defense Department. Secretary of State Acheson, for his part, bade farewell to the U.S. Foreign Service with a thinly veiled appeal to the Foreign Service to stay true to Acheson policies & principles, come what may. Harry Truman sent Congress a budget with a \$9.9 billion deficit. He also wrote Ike a letter asking him to put

400,000 "temporary" Government employees on the permanent civil-service list. If Ike does, he freezes 400,000 jobs which the Democrats had for patronage; if he doesn't, he irritates a large body of entrenched Government employees.

Fortunately, the Eisenhower administration was already better organized than any other incoming change-of-party administration in history. This week, in Manhattan's Commodore Hotel, Eisenhower presided over the first full but unofficial meeting of his Cabinet and chief advisers.

Already the Eisenhower team could sense that its first big job would be to overcome the inertia—both planned & unplanned—of the long Democratic era. Not until the new Republican administration began exploring the labyrinthine corridors of Washington, after January 20, would it know the true state of its inheritance.

* From left, seated: Attorney General Brownell, Treasury Secretary Humphrey, Vice President Nixon, Eisenhower, State Secretary Dulles, Defense Secretary Wilson. Standing: Budget Director Dodge, Federal Security Administrator Hobby, Presidential Assistant Adams, Commerce Secretary Weeks, Interior Secretary McKay, Postmaster General Summerfield, Agriculture Secretary Benson, Labor Secretary Durkin, U.N. Ambassador Lodge, Mutual Security Administrator Stassen.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Valedictory

Harry Truman worked hard on his eighth and last message to Congress on the State of the Union, determined to speak his valedictory in the calm, reasoning voice of the statesman. At 11:15 one night last week—late by Truman standards—he finished going over the fifth draft, left his speechwriters working well past midnight to buff the rough edges. Next morning, a White House messenger dropped off copies at the Capitol for reading by clerks in the Senate and House.

After enumerating what he regarded as the triumphs of his years in office, Harry Truman got down to Topic A: the present Communist challenge to the U.S.

New Magnitude. "From now on," said Truman, in implied admission that the U.S. has the hydrogen bomb, "man moves into a new era of destructive power, capable of creating explosions of a new order of magnitude, dwarfing the mushroom clouds of Hiroshima and Nagasaki . . . The war of the future would be one in which man could extinguish millions of lives at one blow, demolish the great cities of the world, wipe out the cultural achievements of the past—and destroy the very structure of civilization . . . Such a war is not a possible policy for rational men. We



AIR SECRETARY FINLETTER
A deadly dividend.

know this, but we dare not assume that others would not yield to the temptation science is now placing in their hands."

Then Truman moved carefully to the climax of his report—a climax which he, personally, had suggested, without benefit of speechwriters: "There is something I would say to Stalin: You claim belief in Lenin's prophecy that one stage in the development of Communist society would be war between your world and ours. But Lenin was a pre-atomic man, who viewed society and history with pre-atomic eyes. Something profound has happened since he wrote. War has changed its shape and its dimension. It cannot now be a 'stage' in the development of anything save ruin for your regime and your homeland.

"I do not know how much time may elapse before the Communist rulers bring themselves to recognize this truth. But when they do, they will find us eager to reach understandings that will protect the world from the danger it faces today."

Happy Ending. Obviously Truman was still willing to hold up the hope that the U.S. could reach some sort of happy understanding with the Communists through negotiation, albeit warning that "the rulers of the Communist world will not change their basic objectives lightly or soon." Beyond that, he even foresaw the day of ultimate peace growing out of Truman-Acheson foreign policies (*i.e.*, containment of Communism and devotion to collective security). "If the Communist rulers understand they cannot win by war, and if we frustrate their attempts to win by subversion," said he, "it is not too much to expect their world to change its character, moderate its aims, become more realistic and less implacable, and recede from the cold war they began."

This hopeful promise of a happy ending was the kind the U.S. likes to hear in any valedictory. Yet it was a dangerously false note by Truman's own clear defini-

tion of the all-pervading challenge of Communism. It was built on two fallacies: 1) that containment will somehow force Stalinism into a change of heart or internal collapse—while actually, after six years of containment, Communist power is greater than ever before; 2) that the H-bomb, or at least the little that the world knows about it—will dissuade the Communists from being Communists—any more than the A-bomb prevented the conquest of China or the Korean war.

Harry Truman's Administration proved that there simply is no easy, happy ending flowing from persuasion or negotiation with Communism. If, indeed, the hydrogen bomb turns out to be big enough to threaten total destruction of aggressive Communism and outdate all old lessons, then perhaps it is time to talk in plain, unmistakable terms about the bomb (*see below*) before the Russians can use the same terms in talking back.

ARMED FORCES

H-Bomb Hand-Wringing

Harry Truman's valedictory warning to Stalin on U.S. atomic development caused remarkably little reaction. One prime reason is that leaders of the U.S. armed forces have been so closemouthed about the explosion of the experimental H-bomb last November at Eniwetok that nobody really knows what, precisely, Truman was talking about.

Last week Washington newsmen tried to get beyond the curtain of hand-wringing and eye-rolling to establish some measure of the H-bomb's magnitude. The TNT blockbuster of World War II, they reported, weighed about eleven tons, and could destroy a square city block. The old-fashioned atomic bombs (*i.e.*, uranium and plutonium) are measured in "kilotons," or thousands of tons of TNT; the Hiroshima blast rated 20 kilotons. The H-bomb, by comparison, is measured by the "megaton"—a million tons of TNT. The recent test H-bomb explosion had a force of 3.5 megatons.

Columnists Stewart and Joseph Alsop said last week: "Such a bomb would severely blast an area of 140 square miles, and moderately to severely blast an area of 260 square miles . . . The fireball . . . would send a heat flash sufficient to ignite combustible material, or to cause killing third-degree burns on exposed skin, within an area of 300 square miles." Said the Alsops: "We can no longer doubt that men can make . . . the ten-megaton bomb with a force of 10 million tons of TNT."

Air Secretary Thomas Finletter was just as gloomy as the Alsops. He said: "The destructive power of atomic weapons includes not only explosive blasts of force and heat but also the gamma ray—a ray which is deadly to human life. The gamma ray is, as it were, a horrible new byproduct—a deadly dividend—of the atomic explosion.

* A circular area of 300 square miles has a radius of 9.8 miles.

"It seems to be impossible to understand the political and military implications of the existence of atomic weapons. Indeed, these implications are not even understood by the experts. Man is about to destroy himself unless he has a corresponding revolution in his political thinking to equal the incredible advance which the scientists have produced for him in his ability to destroy fellow men."

This is a remarkable statement from a man in Finletter's position as the civilian chief of the military arm charged with responsibility for delivering the nuclear weapon on an enemy in case of war. Who is supposed to think through the "political and military implications" of the H-bomb? Not the public, which heard officially of the H-bomb only last week. Not "the experts," who are experts in nuclear physics rather than strategy or politics. The really frightening aspect of the H-bomb, as disclosed in Truman's speech and Finletter's interview, is that nobody within a radius of 9.8 miles of the White House has accepted a clear responsibility of thinking through the dreadful—but not hopeless—problems that the new bomb raises.

Changes for the Pentagon

"We should not deliberately maintain a Department of Defense organization which, in several parts, would require drastic reorganization to fight a war," wrote departing Defense Secretary Robert Lovett to President Truman last week.

Like his predecessors in the Pentagon's hottest seat, Lovett found that most of his troubles stemmed from the "contradictions and straddles" of the 1947 National Security Act, which "unified" the armed forces in name only. The Secretary of Defense, said Lovett, should be clearly designated as the nation's deputy commander in chief. His authority over the



DEFENSE SECRETARY LOVETT
A grievous swamp.

Joint Chiefs of Staff should be sharply established by law. He should eventually get his own staff of military advisers (now forbidden by law), and all unified commands in the field should report to him rather than to the Joint Chiefs.

The institution of the Joint Chiefs of Staff itself should be revised, Lovett said. The Joint Chiefs are grievously swamped with detail and paper work, and must serve as members of the J.C.S. while they run their respective services as chiefs of staff. This duality puts them in a tough spot because they can hardly be expected, as Joint Chiefs, to vote for cuts in the services they must run as chiefs of the Army, Navy or Air Force. "This danger will exist," said Lovett, "until calculating machines replace human beings."

For a short-term remedy, Lovett would have the vice chiefs of staff run the services, saving the chiefs for review of top strategic plans and other joint decisions. For the long term, Lovett revived a recommendation which Congress has consistently turned down because of its fear of creating a U.S. equivalent to the German general staff: creation of a combined staff, composed of senior officers who have moved up from Chief of Staff, are accountable only to the President and Defense Secretary, and who are all supposedly beyond range of partisan-service ambitions.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Parting Words

Secretary of State Dean Acheson delivered his parting words last week to some 300 U.S. Foreign Service officers stationed in Washington.

Acheson spoke in a warmly fraternal mood, working carefully toward a cold, hard point of impact. "You are men who for twelve years have been correcting my errors and guiding my footsteps," said he. Fondly he cited the fact that the U.S. Foreign Service has grown from 1,900 twelve years ago to 9,000 today. Two-thirds of U.S. diplomatic posts overseas are now headed by career Foreign Service officers. In the new Administration, he prophesied, "you can expect no monopoly on U.S. representation, but certainly you should have the majority. You alone have the combined knowledge for the lack of which the U.S. might make horrible mistakes."

The Great Log. What was that knowledge? Among other things, said Acheson, a good Foreign Service officer must be prepared to take part in "battles with Congress." He continued: "Make no mistake about it. There is a real battle with Congress. There is a great lag in the education and information between you who know the outside world and the great mass of the American people and their elected representatives, a great lag between you who know the facts of the world and the 150 million people who really govern the U.S. . . . You must learn to take it and live with it . . ."

Acheson then enveloped the Foreign

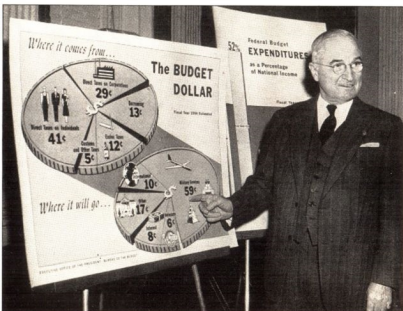
Service officers in his own private hair shirt. "You know that you are the targets of unfounded and wicked criticism. You are the objects of deep distrust. It is the wide belief of the American people that other men should have known better than you and spared us our troubles. What is going on in our midst has been going on through the course of mankind. It was especially true of the Middle Ages. There were murders and backstairs accusations then as now . . . There are some who believe that this will change with the new Administration. I say to you that it will not. When something really wicked has been turned loose in the world, it will continue until men acquire a greater understanding."

In substance, Dean Acheson had said that the Foreign Service should ignore the mandate for a change in administration,

estimated the year's expenditures at \$78.6 billion, which is more than he has spent in any of his years in the White House. He anticipated a deficit of \$9.9 billion at the end of the year, higher than any since the \$20 billion World War II deficit of 1946. At the end of fiscal 1954, Truman foresaw a national debt of \$273.8 billion, nudging the statutory limit of \$275 billion. Other notable figures:

¶ The expenditures proposed would equal 26% of the national income, and amount to \$448 for every man, woman & child in the U.S. Back in 1939, the U.S. Government was spending only 13% of the national income, \$69 per capita.

¶ Although fiscal 1953-54 will be the peak year of spending in the nation's defense buildup, the budget asks Congress for substantially less new spending authority (\$72.9 billion) than was requested



THE PRESIDENT AT BUDGET SEMINAR
Out of every pocket: \$448.

Associated Press

and—by identifying itself closely with Acheson's own difficulties—retain a kind of blood brotherhood loyalty to the Truman-Acheson policies. This presented the Eisenhower Administration with still another problem of inertia to overcome.

But most of all, Acheson went a long way toward satisfying the long-standing claims of his critics that he mistrusts the American people.

THE BUDGET

\$78,000,000,000

A White House clerk trudged into the Capitol last week with two bulky burdens, dropped one off at the Senate and the other at the House. Each 4-lb.-11-oz. package was a copy of Harry Truman's 1,155-page budget for fiscal 1954 (beginning next July 1).

It was quite a burden, indeed. Truman

in any of the last three years. Reason for this reduction: the tremendous carryover of spending authority for military equipment, granted by Congress in earlier years but not used because of the great gap between orders and delivery.

¶ National security—the military services, foreign aid, atomic energy, etc.—would take 73% of the budget. But the spending proposed for other departments is far from inconsequential and far above its level in postwar 1947, e.g., the Department of Commerce, which spent \$1.64 billion in 1947, would get \$1 billion under this budget.

His \$78-billion package, said Harry Truman, is a tight budget, just what the country needs. His deficit figure assumed that the Republicans will let taxes come down, but if he were doing it they would stay where they are or go up. Did he think the G.O.P. could cut the budget and

balance it? That, Truman jauntily told the press, is not his problem.

Republicans in Congress saw things in an entirely different way. Senate Majority Leader Bob Taft said he will stand by his pledge to cut spending to \$70 billion. New Hampshire's Senator Styles Bridges, who will be chairman of the Appropriations Committee, found the budget "so confused that it will have to be almost entirely rewritten." The chairman of the tax-writing Ways & Means Committee, New York's Representative Daniel A. Reed, called it "fantastic." Said he: "There's going to be a tax cut and there's going to be a balanced budget."

A considerably more cautious stand was taken by Budget Director-Designate Joseph Dodge, who had been an observer at

visits from Governor Thomas Dewey and many another notable. One midweek morning Mayor Vincent Impellitteri escorted the Prime Minister to Brooklyn to visit the house where his mother, Lady Randolph Churchill, was born Jennie Jerome in 1850. As he came out of his mother's birthplace into a cheering crowd, reporters asked Churchill how the four-story brick and brownstone house compared with Blenheim Palace, the massive ancestral seat of his father's family. "I am equally proud of both," said the Prime Minister tactfully.

"A Great Pity." That evening Dwight Eisenhower came over to the Baruch apartment for his third meeting with Churchill in as many days. In the course of their long friendship, Ike and Churchill

that his mind is open almost to the point of blankness on the very large part of the world lying east of Singapore. Dulles and Churchill could agree on at least two premises: 1) Anglo-American cooperation in Asia is essential; 2) Asia must be treated as a strategic unit, not as a hodgepodge of individual problems.

"So Premature." The day after his final conversation with Ike, Churchill flew down to Washington for his last official meeting with President Harry Truman. The Prime Minister arrived at the White House sporting shoes with zippers down the side. Always unabashed in his pursuit of comfort, he did not hesitate to keep his unusual footwear unzipped even at formal functions. In the White House, where he and Truman were joined by Administration bigwigs including Dean Acheson and Secretary of Defense Robert Lovett, Churchill gravely reviewed the global struggle against Communism. Proudly he recalled to his host the 1946 speech at Fulton, Mo., in which, publicly proclaiming the breach between Russia and the free world, he had coined the term Iron Curtain. Mrs. Roosevelt, the Prime Minister remembered, had been disturbed at the somewhat bellicose tone of the speech, and much later, in an attempt to justify her objections, had told him, "Well, you didn't have to be so premature." Said Churchill, drawing himself up, "I replied: 'Mrs. Roosevelt, are not all prophets premature?'"

A few hours later Churchill was the President's host at dinner in the British Embassy. Truman came to the Churchill party from a fund-raising dinner where he had already faced seafood in aspic, *petite marmite*, filet mignon, stuffed artichokes, potatoes *au gratin*, chiffonade salad and baked Alaska. Somehow the President managed to make a respectable stab at the Embassy's consommé, Dover sole, saddle of veal, potatoes *duchesse*, cauliflower and *charlotte pralinée*. It was at this semipublic occasion—there were 16 British and American officials present—that Secretary of State Dean Acheson chose to lecture the Prime Minister on Britain's lackadaisical attitude toward the European Defense Community and toward settlement of her disputes with Iran and Egypt.

Next day, with a careful, old man's gait, Churchill clambered into the presidential DC-6, the *Independence*, and headed off for two weeks in the Jamaican sunshine—which was, all pundits to the contrary, the primary reason for Churchill's American trip. In Manhattan, at week's end, Dwight Eisenhower said that he had recently asked "a man who is 78 years old—one of the world's great leaders," if it wasn't time for him to retire. The statesman's answer: "My opportunity for my greater service to my country probably still lies ahead."⁸

⁸ As he told this story (at a meeting of heart specialists), Ike turned to Thomas E. Dewey, an elder statesman 38 years younger than Churchill, said: "And that certainly applies to you, too."



ELDER STATESMEN CHURCHILL & DEWEY
At formal functions, unzipped shoes.

United Press

the final budget-drafting process. Dodge pointed out that attempting to change the course of this budget in midstream is a problem of monstrous proportions. A great many of the proposed expenditures have already been authorized by Congress, nearly all are for programs that are roaring full speed ahead.

After careful, detailed study by his advisers, Dwight Eisenhower will begin sending a series of budget-change messages to Congress by April 1. The aim is still to balance the budget, but Joe Dodge had a word of caution: "You can't perform 60-day miracles."

FOREIGN RELATIONS Opportunity Ahead

Save for a few jeering Irish-Americans, New York received Winston Churchill with warmth and affection. The tabloid *Daily News*, which has no great love for Britain, welcomed the old lion editorially. At the apartment of his old friend Bernard Baruch, Churchill received respectful

had learned to express their opinions to each other with frankness. Their conversations last week were no less frank than ever. Ike was disturbed, and said so, by the fact that despite fine speeches about European unity Churchill had offered no more practical support to the European Defense Community than had Clement Attlee (see INTERNATIONAL). Ike and his advisers were irritated, too, by Churchill's warning on the day of his arrival in New York that "it would be a great pity for the U.N. armies—or the U.S. armies—to go wandering all about this vast China." Though U.S. policies are woefully misreported by the British press—and perhaps by British diplomats—Ike felt that after so many public and private reassurances the Prime Minister ought to realize that no responsible U.S. official proposed to send an army wandering about China.

Churchill was briefed regarding the new Administration's views on Asia by Ike's Secretary of State-designate, John Foster Dulles. The American difficulty is not that Churchill has different ideas on Asia, but

THE CAPITAL

The President's Lady

(See Cover)

If U.S. Presidents could be plucked from every walnut tree, complete with silk hat, inaugural speech, and one year's salary absolutely tax free, 999,999 out of a million women would hesitate a long, long time before getting one for themselves.²⁶ Even little girls seem to regard the White House with extreme caution. While small boys consistently plan to become President when they grow up, few junior misses waste any time at all plotting to become Presidents' wives. The giddy human female seldom loses her grip on reality. The life of a First Lady is not easy.

Washington has changed immeasurably since 1800, when Abigail Adams left the comforts of Philadelphia to become the first mistress of the presidential mansion, to endure mud streets, the "lies and falsehoods of . . . electioneering," and to keep 13 fireplaces going all day "or sleep in wet and dampness." But little more than a year ago, Bess Truman echoed Abigail's discontent, "This is a terrible life," she said, "We don't have any privacy at all. I'll be glad when we get back to Independence and can live like human beings."

This is not to suggest that either Abigail or Bess, or any of the 26 Presidents' wives of the years between, have been completely insensate to the privileges and perquisites of their position, or the bracing effects of power and applause. A few White House wives have enjoyed such heady successes that they left the capital only with the utmost reluctance. But the price of occupancy is always high. Last week, while still technically a private citizen, Mamie Eisenhower was discovering that even public adulation can be an overpowering, if flattering, experience.

The Deluge. Ever since Election Day, Mrs. Eisenhower has been staying close to home—the residency at 60 Morningside Drive which Ike occupied as president of Columbia University. But she has not been idle. She has been deluged with (and has made valiant attempts to answer) from 400 to 700 letters a day.

After inauguration day next week, Mrs. Eisenhower's life will grow even more limited. She will not be able to shop or visit a museum without drawing crowds. If she wishes to attend the theater, any manager in Washington will keep her intentions secret, smuggle her into a seat just before the curtain, and get her out ahead of the crowd. But she will always create a stir. The Secret Service guards, who took her under surveillance when Ike was nominated, will be omnipresent—they will lurk in the next room even if she is lunching at the home of an old friend. She will seldom be out of the news. If she buys a dog, spansks one of her grand-

children, is bitten by a snake or develops a taste for yogurt, the world will want to chatter about it.

Rewards & Prerogatives. Only time can tell whether the rewards and prerogatives of her new life will compensate for its restrictions and demands. But there will be many prerogatives. If she wishes to travel, airlines, railroads or steamship lines will produce space for her at the ring of a telephone, and hold up schedules with harried smiles if she is late. The President's DC-6 *Independence* will be hers to command. Hair stylists and dress designers will scramble to serve her, even though Mamie sticks steadily to her bangs, and, despite owning a few Paris gowns, is a great one for ordering little \$17.50 dresses and \$16.95 hats from department stores. (Last month,



MRS. EISENHOWER AND SON JOHN IN 1924
The price is always high.

with what seemed like a rather heady air, the New York Dress Institute announced that she was one of the world's twelve best-dressed women.) She will have to share a part of the White House with the public—tourists swarm through its public rooms from 10 to 12 o'clock, five days a week, twelve months of the year—but she will fall heir to comforts & conveniences such as no incoming President's wife has enjoyed since the founding of the Republic.

Dishwashers & Antiques. Reconstruction of the 54-room presidential mansion has wiped away the rats, the cockroaches, the sagging floors, the drafts and faulty plumbing which made life miserable for First Ladies of other administrations. The house now boasts a white and stainless-steel electric kitchen in which meals for the largest banquet can be prepared, three automatic dishwashers, a laundry, silk-smooth parquet floors, three elevators, 16 bathrooms, and new paint, new curtains, new draperies, as well as its priceless old antiques and paintings.

In taking over the great house this month, Mrs. Eisenhower will be assisted by a present complement of 64 (full staff: 72) servants, most of them old retainers, wise in the ways of Washington. If she abandons her lifelong zeal for running a house and never voices a command, the house will run well. But if she wants to order every meal, redecorate any or all of 35 upstairs rooms (her favorite colors: rose and pale green), shift Lincoln's famed 7-ft. bed, or plant geraniums in the bathtubs, she has every right to do so.²⁷

The Social Whirl. She will inherit a rigid and taxing social schedule into which she will be initiated at once. She must appear, smiling as befits a public darling, at not one but two inaugural balls. Her costume, however, will be far less regal than that of President Tyler's second wife, "the Rose of Long Island," who received on a dais, wearing a crownlike headdress of bugles: Mamie's glittering, wide-skirted inaugural gown, designed by Nettie Rosenstein and purchased from Texas' Neiman-Marcus, is of pale rose poul-de-soie, bespangled by 2,000 rhinestones in varying shades of pink. Mrs. Eisenhower's junior partners as official Washington hostesses are the wives of Cabinet officers. Mrs. John Foster Dulles has been ill—but most of the other ladies were trying on gowns for the inaugural ball and were photographed in their favorites last week (see cuts).

During next winter's White House social season Mamie must hold, at the barest minimum, six state dinners—at which as many as 100 formally clad guests are seated in the State Dining Room—as well as big, formal evening receptions for the Cabinet, the diplomatic corps, the judiciary, Congress, officials of federal departments and agencies and the armed forces.

Mamie is a woman who has always liked small, informal parties and the company of old friends. Henceforth, she will also entertain humanity in the mass—hundreds and often thousands of people are invited to White House garden parties, and the First Lady greets them all. As soon as she is established, the ladies of Washington will begin driving to the northwest gate of the White House to drop calling cards. From then on, the President's wife shuffles and sorts, picks and rejects, and entertains the worthiest (and the luckiest) at an endless succession of afternoon teas and receptions.

It is a prospect which has driven many another new First Lady to attacks of the vapors and an addiction to smelling salts. But life in the White House is what a woman can make it, and politics, too, can be fun. Dolley Madison did not hesitate to use the "President's palace" as a stage from which she dominated Wash-

²⁶ One notable exception: Mary Todd Lincoln, who said: "He is to become President of the U.S. one day; if I had not thought so, I would never have married him, for you can see he is not pretty."

²⁷ The furniture, wallpaper, draperies and paintings in the five main public rooms of the new White House were approved by the Fine Arts Commission. Presidential families, by general agreement, abide by its decision. But if a President's wife insists on rearranging the furniture, she may do so despite any protests by the commission, Congress or the public.



MRS. GEORGE HUMPHREY
The First Lady's gown . . .

Ed Nano

ington society, set styles, started fads, charmed and captivated the great men of the U.S. and the diplomats of the world, and held endless, glittering levees, dinners and receptions.

The Other Ladies. Dolley was not the only First Lady to leave her mark on the capital. Stately Elizabeth Kortright Monroe startled society by putting her daughter in pantalets, painted and dressed herself to the hilt (though she was a grandmother), ran the White House like a European court, weathering a series of female squabbles which would have sunk a lesser social frigate. "Lemonade Lucy" Hayes drew masculine scorn for refusing to serve wine. But she had an enthusiastic following, and not on temperance grounds alone. Women throughout the nation, especially that group now classified under the generic name of Clubwomen, thought she was wonderful.

Like everything else in American life, the First Lady's job has become more institutionalized in this generation. As a result, Mrs. Eisenhower will have less scope than her distant predecessors. Even so, she may, if she chooses, cut more swath than the last eight First Ladies. The White House has not been truly "social" since the day of the first Roosevelts—who brought money, social position and gusto to Washington and, with unabashed swank, dressed White House servants in their family livery.

Most Washington hostesses of proper vintage remember Mrs. Grace Coolidge as the woman who was most to be admired during the years after Mrs. T. R. Her quiet charm put all at ease—a considerable feat, since Silent Cal sometimes had a servant rub Vaseline into the presi-

dential hair while he ate breakfast, once ordered a toupee painted on the Red Room portrait of bald John Adams, and often almost paralyzed guests with his wordlessness. The Herbert Hoovers spent a great deal of money on entertainment, but their era was one of work and worry. Eleanor Roosevelt had little interest in purely social affairs. Mrs. Truman has done far more quiet entertaining than is realized; the Washington ladies rate her performance highly.

Great Expectations. As inauguration day grew near last week, however, hundreds of Washingtonians had high hopes for a change not only in the capital's political atmosphere but in that of the White House itself; Mamie Eisenhower is fondly expected to touch off a social renaissance and to lend a new warmth to the affairs of the presidency.



MRS. DOUGLAS MCKAY
... will sparkle with ...

Mel Jungmans

At first glance, it might seem that these well-wishers are doing the next First Lady an unkindness. She is not strong; she suffers from a heart murmur which makes her hesitate before stairs, and in the past fell prey, for some time, to a disturbance of the inner ear which had a minor but annoying effect on her equilibrium. Last summer she made it clear to her friends that she would have been delighted, if fate allowed, to spend the coming years at the 189-acre farm near Gettysburg, Pa. which she and Ike bought in 1950.

She has never attempted to play the *grande dame*. During World War II, she was ailing and lived quietly at Washington's Wardman Park Hotel. Her social attributes are amiability, a gift for small talk, an ability to put people at ease and

to draw them out. She can talk to total strangers as if they were old friends. But the Eisenhower campaign of 1952 demonstrated that Mamie also has a tremendous ability to rise to occasions and an almost startling gift for communicating her charm to the public. Some dubious Ike supporters thought Mamie might be a drawback to the general—but Mamie turned out to be one of the greatest assets of Ike's campaign.

Rocky Mountain Belle. Her essential character and outlook were formed as the daughter of a well-to-do family in Denver, back in the comfortable years before World War I. Her father, bulky, hearty John Sheldon Doud, had retired as an Iowa meat packer at the gratifying age of 36, had moved his family west, built a massive, three-story brick house on Denver's Lafayette Street, and settled down to enjoy life with his four daughters* and a snorting series of early automobiles.

Mamie was a belle and a leading spirit even as a little girl. "When the rest of us were still getting kicked in the shins by boys," recalls Mrs. Eileen Archibald, a girlhood friend, "one of them gave Mamie a snakeskin. It was a real honor." Mamie made regular Saturday streetcar pilgrimages to the Orpheum Theater to drink in vaudeville performances by Blossom Seeley, De Wolf Hopper, Eva Tanguay, Harry Lauder and other such glamorous figures. She "dressed up" in adult finery at every opportunity. Boys swarmed around

* Two of Mamie's sisters, Eleanor and Eda May, died while in their teens; the third, Mrs. Frances ("Mike") Moore, is the wife of an air transport executive in Washington.



MRS. SINCLAIR WEEKS
... 2,000 pink rhinestones.

James F. Coyne

the Doud house, and Mamie fed them cookies and Welch's grape juice, and allowed them to play at a pool table in a basement game room; as she grew older, they took her dancing . . . and dancing . . . and dancing.

Army Wife. Mamie was bright, but she was no student. She sighed with relief when she was through at Miss Wolcott's, a Denver finishing school, and could turn to the real and fascinating business of her young life: ruling her string of beaux. Then, on a family winter vacation in San Antonio, she met 2nd Lieut. Dwight D. Eisenhower. Nine months later, at 19, she was married. She went for a honeymoon visit with Eisenhower's parents in Abilene, Kans., had her marriage's first bitter quarrel—after Dwight refused, in flat tones, to come home until he had broken even in an all-night poker game. Soon after, she found herself keeping house in a two-room flat at Fort Sam Houston.

It was the beginning of Mamie's real education—and of a rambling, catch-as-catch-can existence which only an Army wife who remembers the appropriations drought between the two worlds was could really appreciate. The cubbyhole at Fort Sam was only the first of some 20 different quarters which Mamie has occupied in the decades since; she learned to clean, decorate, move out; to clean and decorate again; to pay bills and dress on Army pay; and to catch yet another train.

Sometimes it was wonderful. There was Paris after World War I, when "everyone" came to the Eisenhowers' apartment on the Rue d'Auteuil to have a drink, sing old songs, laugh, and refigure the war, and when the nearby Seine bridge was known

as "Pont Mamie." But there was also Panama in 1922. Mamie had just lost her three-year-old son, "Little Icky," and was expecting her second. She found herself living amid the damp, stifling tropical heat in an ancient and stilt-supported house. There were bats in the rafters, and tarantulas crept out of cracks in the floor. She learned to know a lot of worlds: Washington, the Army schools, the rainy Northwest. In 1936, when Ike served as assistant to General Douglas MacArthur in the Philippines, Mamie found herself living amid rococo splendor in Manila. The next hop took her to an apartment in San Francisco.

Marnes-la-Coquette. During World War II, she just sat tight, played mah-jongg, and kept out of the newspapers. As wife of the president of Columbia University, she did the sensible thing, and acted



Tommy Weber
MRS. HERBERT BROWNELL
... wore a crown ...

—since she was a stranger to the academic world—as if she were on some unfamiliar Army post. But at Marnes-la-Coquette, the 14-room French mansion which the Eisenhowers occupied when Ike commanded SHAPE, Mamie served a unique apprenticeship for life in the White House.

When 14 French interior decorators swept down to redo its rooms, Mamie remained unawed, and directed their efforts with a firm hand. The results were applauded even by the French. So were her efforts as chatelaine and hostess. At Marnes-la-Coquette, as always, Mamie entertained her old friends as if they were all still young, usually ended up playing the piano while they sang. One New Year's Eve she produced hog jowl and black-eyed peas for a staff dinner: they



Joe Clark
MRS. C. E. WILSON
... made of bugles.

would, she assured her guests, bring good luck for the coming year. She also entertained scores of military leaders and notables in less colloquial fashion.

Canasta & the Queen. During her tour in Paris she traveled in England, Luxembourg, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Belgium and Denmark. Prime Minister Clement Attlee was her dinner partner at a banquet in London; she lunched with Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard at The Hague and chatted about canasta with her royal hostess. She met Norway's King Haakon in Oslo, saw the British royal family several times in Britain.

After such a background, it seems doubtful that Mamie will be very much awed, although she might still be a little puzzled, by the vast, restless human conglomerate which is Washington society. In a sense it is composed of three rough segments, two of which are continually melting and running and dripping names into each other's cocktail parties and one of which is so deeply buried beneath the cool loam of self-esteem that it is generally all but invisible.

Segment One is official society: Senators, Cabinet members, foreign diplomats, Supreme Court Justices and other officials of Government, each of whom is granted a brass check of social importance when he takes office and generally must surrender it when he leaves. As First Lady, Mamie gets the biggest brass check of all and would rule unchallenged over officialdom if she served boiled dandelion stems at state dinners and introduced roller skating at state receptions.

The Remarkable Covey. Segment Two is composed of the capital's remarkable covey of rich lady climbers and clingers—



Joe Clark
MRS. ARTHUR SUMMERFIELD
But the "Rose of Long Island" ...

who capitalize on the fact that Washington is a city almost without nightclubs, theaters or good restaurants. They lure big names by the dozens through the simple promise of good food and entertainment and by plainly implying that no social debt is incurred in accepting. In recent years, most of them, by the very nature of their guests, have been "Democratic" hostesses; last week their faces were turned toward Mamie like diamond-studded sunflowers swiveling east at dawn in search of warmth and sustenance.

Mrs. Eisenhower has given no indication at all as to how she will react to these odd political heliotropes. If she wishes, she may create new "Republican" hostesses simply by conferring favor. She may give the old models new luster by the same process. Though even a direct snub would hardly kill such hardy and well-rooted plants in the Washington of 1953, few of them seemed to be taking any chances.

Segment Three of Washington society is the only segment which Segment Three acknowledges. It is composed of the old Washington families, or "Cave Dwellers." Its leaders—generally Republican, generally of advanced age—are inclined to look upon the Eisenhowers as people come to rescue them after 20 years of darkness and horrid sounds. But they will want to look sharply at the deliverers before giving complete approval. The interest in Segment Three is mainly spoleological.

Mrs. Eisenhower's principal social drive will not lead her into the exclusive orbit of any of these groups. For years her so-

cial mainspring has been this: she thinks Ike is wonderful, and she likes to have people around who think Ike is wonderful. Out of this could come a vast program of political entertaining, not only of Washingtonians, but of visitors from near & far.

On inauguration day there will be few U.S. citizens who will not wish her well—and few who will not hope, however vaguely, to drop in on her at the White House themselves some day.

NEW ADMINISTRATION Appointments

Named last week to important posts in the Eisenhower Administration:

GENERAL WALTER BEDELL SMITH, 57, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, to be Under Secretary of State. Neither a West Pointer nor a civilian college man, "Beedle" Smith came up from the enlisted ranks. He began as a private in the Indiana National Guard, was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant in World War I, then climbed the Regular Army ladder until, in World War II, he was chief of staff to Supreme Allied Commander Dwight Eisenhower. Blunt-spoken and incisive, he took the surrender first of the Italians and then of the Germans. After the war, he served as U.S. Ambassador in Russia; his book, *My Three Years in Moscow*, gave a notable delineation of the Communist enemy pitted against freedom in the cold war. In his *Crusade in Europe*, Eisenhower described the qualities that he prizes in the new Under Secretary of

State: "A master of detail, with clear comprehension of main issues . . . capable in difficult conference . . . Strong in character and abrupt by instinct, he could achieve harmony without appeasement."

DONALD BRADFORD LOURIE, 53, president of Quaker Oats Co., to be Under Secretary of State in charge of administration. Alabama-born, a Princeton graduate (class of '22), Lourie began as a statistics clerk at Quaker Oats; by 1947 he was company president. In his college days an All-America quarterback, he is still trim and something of an athlete, playing a lot of squash rackets and some golf (average score: low 90s). A crack administrator, friendly and not stuffy, he gets results by encouraging rather than nagging.

CARL WESLEY MCCARDLE, 48, journalist, to be Assistant Secretary of State in charge of "public affairs," i.e., press relations. A West Virginian, graduate of Washington and Jefferson College, one-time student of law at Temple University, McCardle is the gregarious chief of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin's* Washington bureau. An old hand at political and diplomatic reporting, he has long been trusted by the incoming Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles.

JOHN ALFRED HANNAH, 50, president of Michigan State College, to be Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of manpower and personnel, the job now held by Anna Rosenberg. First distinguished as an authority on poultry, Grand Rapids-born Hannah showed his talent as an organizer when he took over Michigan State; after spending eleven years and \$35 million, the amiable, open-door prexy promoted big-time football along with scholastic improvements, moved Michigan State from the country's 23rd college in size to No. 9.

LYOYD ABERN MASHBURN, 55, California's labor commissioner, to be Under Secretary of Labor. A veteran trade unionist (he still belongs to Local 42 of the Wood, Wire and Metal Lathers, A.F.L.), stocky, forceful Mashburn has been active in Los Angeles labor leadership, was brought into the state government in 1951 by Governor Earl Warren. Unlike his new boss, Labor Secretary-Designate Durkin, Mashburn is a Republican.

DR. JAMES BRYANT CONANT, 59, president of Harvard University, to be High Commissioner for Germany. Of Plymouth Pilgrim stock, a precocious science student at Roxbury Latin School and later at Harvard, the eminent educator became chairman of his alma mater's chemistry department before assuming its presidency in 1933. In World War II, as chairman of the National Defense Research Committee, he bossed a \$2 billion research program to develop radar, anti-radar, various chemical warfare projects, and nuclear fission. Putting in some 250,000 miles of travel, bounded by Cambridge, Washington and Los Alamos, he deputized for Vannevar Bush, served as consultant for Major General Leslie Groves, was the No. 1 intermediary for scientists, generals



Trust Drawing by R. M. Chaplin, Jr.

and industrialists who helped fashion the A-bomb. Since the war's end, he has spoken out forcefully for universal military training. Harvard this week announced Conant's retirement, effective Sept. 1, 1953, when he will become president emeritus. Until then, as High Commissioner, he will be on leave of absence.

THE CONGRESS

Vote on the Filibuster

In the new session's first vote of consequence, the U.S. Senate cast party lines to the wind: a whopping bipartisan majority defeated, 70 to 21, a bipartisan minority's attempt to do away with filibusters.

The minority was trying to improve the prospects for a civil-rights bill, hitherto blocked by the filibustering of Southern Democrats. The Senate has carried on as a continuing body each session (which has only one-third new members), starting with rules of procedure adopted in the past. This year the minority proposed to break with the precedent; by treating the session as a new body, new rules would have to be drafted. Thereby the minority hoped to rewrite Rule 22, which keeps debate unlimited unless 64 members ask for cloture (i.e., a time limit on debate).

Ohio's Robert Taft conceded that Rule 22 might be too stringent, but he opposed changing it in a way that imperiled the constitutional structure of the Senate. Taft promised to support some other plan to curb filibusters. The majority against adopting new rules was made up of 41 Republicans and 29 Democrats; the minority was made up of five Republicans, 15 Democrats and one independent.

DEMOCRATS

Exit Adlai

On Nov. 5, while most Democrats were grieving over the outcome of the presidential campaign, Adlai Stevenson lamented Republican William Stratton's victory in the Illinois gubernatorial race. Half to himself, the defeated Democratic presidential candidate said again & again: "I know I could have been elected governor."

Last week Stevenson repeated the same thought in another way. In his farewell radio speech as governor of Illinois, he said: "I would like to talk to you about . . . all the things that have made these four relentless years in Springfield the best in my life. You would understand better than why I am so grateful for the opportunity you, the people, gave me, and why I wanted so desperately to continue here in Springfield."

Stevenson had his emotions well in hand, however, early this week when he went down to Springfield's Armory for his successor's inauguration. Impassively he watched Stratton take the oath of office. Then he headed off for his Libertyville farm which he planned to share with his tenant, Marshall Field Jr., an Ike supporter. Early in March, Adlai Stevenson will leave for a three- or four-month tour of the Far East.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Quality

Back in 1896 when auburn-haired Grace Graham Wilson bagged young Cornelius Vanderbilt, most of New York's 400 agreed that it was a most unsuitable marriage. As a great-grandson of the tough old Commodore who built the New York Central, Cornelius Vanderbilt had some claims to aristocracy. Grace's social assets were far more modest. Her father, Richard T. Wilson, was a onetime Georgia farm boy whom well-bred New Yorkers regarded with distaste because he had



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT
On an enchanted island, a breed apart.

made his fortune himself and had started it by speculating in cotton while more gentlemanly Southerners were off fighting Yankees.

The elder Vanderbilts never really forgave the young couple. Cornelius' inheritance from his father was cut to \$1,500,000—though brother Alfred Gwynne, who fell heir to the bulk of the estate, evened things up somewhat by giving Cornelius another \$6,000,000. Cornelius' mother, who made little secret of the fact that she regarded her daughter-in-law as a climber, did nothing to ease Grace into the charmed circle of the elite.

"Poor Marie Antoinette." Grace saw to it that she was not excluded for long. Her parties, on which in her heyday she spent about half a million a year, became famed for their opulence. For one *Fête des Roses* she brought the entire cast of *Red Rose Inn*, then in the midst of a highly successful New York run, to a theater built especially for the occasion on the grounds of Beaulieu, her red brick

villa at Newport. Said one of her guests, the Grand Duke Boris of Russia: "Is this really your America or have I landed on an enchanted island?"

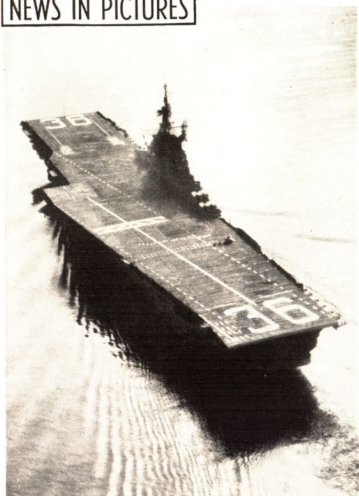
Grace Vanderbilt's most potent social weapon was the cultivation of European royalty, a technique which earned her the nickname "Kingfisher." Her first great coup occurred in 1902, when by request of Kaiser Wilhelm II she was hostess to Prince Henry of Prussia at the only private social function he attended in the U.S. In the years that followed, she entertained the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Crown Prince of Norway, and every British ruler from Edward VII to George VI. By 1915 she had completely routed erratic, sharp-tongued Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the chief rival claimant to leadership of U.S. (i.e., New York and Newport) society. The importance of the position she had won was fully apparent to Grace Vanderbilt. Said she on one occasion: "I feel deeply for poor dear Marie Antoinette, for if The Revolution came to America I should be the first to go."

World War I, which depleted the ranks of royalty and otherwise lowered the tone of society, took some of the luster off Grace Vanderbilt's crown. High taxes and World War II dealt her even harder blows. The famed Vanderbilt hospitality was offered to some odd citizens indeed: among them was Soviet U.N. Delegate Andrei Gromyko, whom Mrs. Vanderbilt regaled with reminiscences of the late Czar Nicholas. After her husband's death in 1942, Grace Vanderbilt abandoned to the wreckers the 58-room Fifth Avenue mansion which had cost her husband's grandfather \$1,000,000 to build in 1881.

"The Gardener's Cottage." Resettled farther up Fifth Avenue in a 28-room pile which she termed "The Gardener's Cottage," Mrs. Vanderbilt lost none of her queenly manner. Convinced that Vanderbilts were a breed apart, she sometimes described herself as "all alone in the house," when there were, in fact, 18 servants there with her. ("She was quality," explained one devoted retainer.) Despite increasing feebleness, she continued to maintain at least nominal sway over what remained of high society. At the 1949 opening of the Metropolitan Opera, she appeared in a wheelchair, persuaded to suffer this discomfort by a friend's remark that Queen Mary was upset because "so few were left to uphold traditions."

Within little more than a year, however, Grace Vanderbilt, now in her mid-80s, was bedridden. Within two years she was blind. Last week, she died of pneumonia. Totally dependent on others in the last years of her life, and confined to the little world of her bedroom, she sometimes remembered the great days at Beaulieu. She would say to whoever was near by: "Come, let's go for a drive, darling." Then her companion, sitting down by Mrs. Vanderbilt's bed, would take her on an imaginary tour of Newport. "There's a sparkle on the water today," she would say. "There's Mr. So-and-So bowing to you . . ."

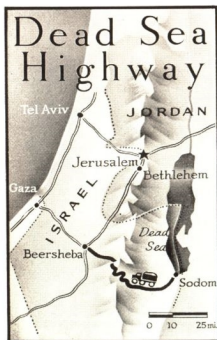
NEWS IN PICTURES



NEW ANGLE: U.S.S. Antietam shows off its canted flight deck, designed to avoid collisions between incoming and bow-parked planes (TIME, Nov. 24).
U.S. Navy—United Press



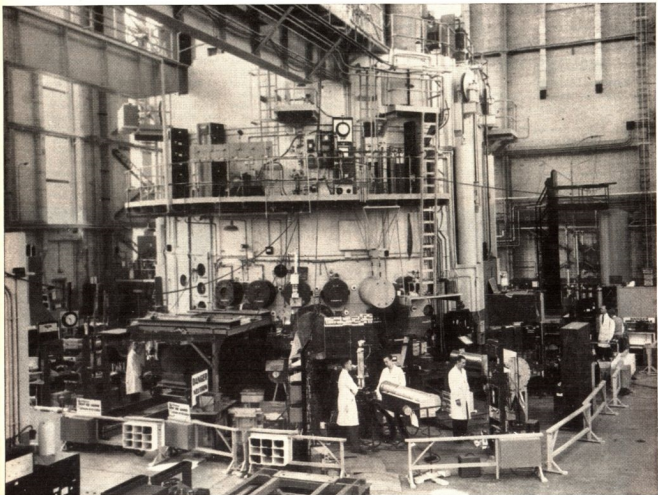
OLD CUSTOM: Britain's Clement Attlee, on Asian junket, removes shoes before paying respects at Gandhi memorial.
Associated Press



Time Map by J. Donovan



ROAD TO RICHES: \$4,500,000, 48-mile Israeli artery between Beersheba and Sodom will give access to rich Dead Sea potash mines, isolated since the 1948 partition of Palestine.



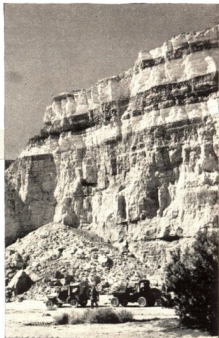
CHAIN REACTION: Ruptured by corrosion, Canada's atomic reactor, most powerful in the world, will be out of action for months;

as a result, a new and bigger \$30 million pile, also at Chalk River, Ont., is now being speeded to completion months ahead of schedule.

Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd.



It took 2,400 laborers, with U.S. equipment, two years to build the road through a wasteland of towering sandstone cliffs and below-sea-level deserts with temperatures up to 165°.



Camera Clix

INTERNATIONAL

WESTERN EUROPE Nations Divided

Suddenly the grand plan to erect a European Army against Communism seemed to fall apart:

¶ In France, Premier René Mayer served notice that his new government wants alterations which would long delay, and might kill, the European Army.

¶ In West Germany, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer—getting into the act before his powerful Socialist opponents could beat

For example, Saint-Cyr, the West Point of France, would be obliged to admit German, Benelux and Italian cadets, and could no longer have sole say over its own curriculum. Nor would France any longer be able to make, buy or sell arms as it sees fit. There was also a serious question whether France could freely exchange its overseas officers—fighting in Indo-China or tied down in colonial trouble spots—with its own officers in the European Army, without five nations' concurrence. These difficulties had led De Gaulle to demand a looser federation, something like an old-fashioned grand alliance. Germany would get its army more quickly, he said; but down in the fine print, France would run the show.

The question of the moment is whether abandonment of the European Army would in fact hasten German rearmament. There is no reason to believe that the French people (or their politicians) are in any greater hurry to accept a revived German *W'ehrmacht* and a return of the German general staff, in preference to Germans-in-European-uniforms under international command. To satisfy De Gaulle would also be to antagonize Germany, for De Gaulle insists that Germany must sign a separate treaty with France agreeing to junior status and fewer troops than the French have in France. Germany also has to acknowledge that a Frenchman "must" command the European defense. Since there is no greater likelihood of De Gaulle's ideas being accepted, the danger is that, if the European Army is rejected, nothing at all will be done: only more talk, more drafts, more delays.

There had been talk enough already. "The French," complained one of Konrad Adenauer's key aides, "want to give us too much to die with but not enough to live with. We can only counter with renewed demands—for example, outright membership in NATO. And that puts us right back where we started two years ago." Unshakably convinced that EDC is the only route to West Germany's and Western Europe's security, Adenauer himself nevertheless felt obliged, after Mayer's concessions to De Gaulle, to go on the air himself and edge toward the side of the revisionists.

Heights to Depths. What had happened to tumble the European Army ideal from June's heights to January's depths? The principal reasons were five. First was a failure of the diplomats: the hands-off timidity of the U.S. State Department, the standoffishness of the British Foreign Office, the hesitations and quibbles of the six continental nations involved. Second was Joseph Stalin's new false face, the calculated sweetness of recent Soviet propaganda, which has persuaded many that the danger of war is lessening. Third are the exigencies of domestic politics. Elections come next August in West Germany, and Adenauer is not at all sure of survival. Mayer's new regime was at the stage of

making compromise and concessions to get into power.

Fourth is Britain's persistent refusal to join the European Army. At SHAPE headquarters outside Paris last week, British Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, deputy commander of NATO forces, spoke up bluntly for British membership in the European Army, though he too made conditions. He told a group of British M.P.s that Britain's participation could make the European Army a reality. The Foreign Office and Defense Ministry were



CHARLES DE GAULLE
The chains that bind Germany ...

him to it—announced that Germany also wanted changes.

¶ In Belgium, the Conseil d'Etat, which is short on legal powers but long on moral suasion, unexpectedly took the position that the EDC treaty violated Belgium's constitution.

Temporary Alternative. After all the palaver and the promises, the whole two-year-old debate appeared to be wide open again. A tempting alternative was now widely discussed. Why not forget all the complexities of a common command, a common uniform and common budget? Why not simply rearm the West Germans, and postpone all talk of a federated Western Europe? This is the proposal of General de Gaulle, who from the first has fought the European Army idea.

In France, cabled a correspondent last week, "there is not a majority for liking German rearmament, but there is a majority for having it." Yet it was the French who had first insisted on the complexities of the European Army, as their price for letting Germany rearm. Now many Frenchmen, including Marshal Juin, were coming to see that the chains that bind Germany would also chafe France.



Robert Cohen—Black Star
GEORGES BIDAULT
... would also chafe France.

quick to say that Monty spoke only for himself. Winston Churchill, who out of office championed European federation, has proved in office an adamant opponent of British participation.

Fifth was the withdrawal of U.S. initiative and leadership from Europe during the election campaign and the eleven-week interregnum which ends Jan. 20. Partly this stemmed from Europe's resistance to unwanted pressure from an outgoing, lameduck administration. In New York, President-elect Eisenhower took extraordinary steps to recover some of the lost ground.

Since Election Day, Eisenhower has followed a strict practice of staying mum on high-policy questions until his inauguration. But he could not stand by while the European Army, which he did so much to promote, fell before it stood. To embattled Chancellor Adenauer, who had appealed secretly for a psychological boost from the incoming President, Eisenhower sent a special public message emphasizing that he believed more stoutly than ever in "the importance of a growing European unity and the establishment of a European Defense Command."

Then he tackled Prime Minister Churchill in the privacy of their conference in New York. With Secretary of State-designate John Foster Dulles to back him up, Eisenhower taxed Churchill's Tory government for not doing more to support the faltering European Defense Community.

The European Army was not yet dead, though the hour is late. The whole issue was indeed wide open—open to disaster but also to decision. At the very beginning of his Administration, Dwight Eisenhower faces a world problem of the first magnitude. Judging from what could be overheard from his talks with Churchill, he was well aware of the danger, and of the opportunity.

Winning with Promises

The Paris pavements were icy that day, and bulky, baggy-eyed René Mayer, on his way to the National Assembly to plead support for a new government of France, slipped and staggered. Said he: "In my place, an ancient Roman would take it as an ill omen and go home. But modern courtesy forbids it. I believe they are waiting for me in this House." They were, but there too the ground was slippery.

Three men—a Socialist, a Gaullist and a Popular Republican—had each been asked to form a government, and failed. Now Radical Socialist Mayer (*see box*), sought a foothold by praising the economic achievements of the late Pinay government. The Pinay majority cheered. Then he turned to the Gaullists, the other group he hoped to win over in order to win office. The treaties binding the six-nation European Defense Community have been duly signed by France, said Mayer, but before ratification, his government would require 1) negotiation of the Saar question, 2) modification of certain clauses in the treaties by protocol, 3) closer association of Britain with EDC.

Firmer Assurances. Robert Schuman, who has defended European unification through ten governments, was angry. Mayer had gone too far. The Gaullists thought he had gone far enough.

Shortly after midnight, Mayer returned to the rostrum with firmer assurances for the Gaullists. He promised there would be no division of France's armed forces. He also promised that he would not stake the existence of his government on a vote of confidence on the EDC issue. Both of these pledges were specific and circumscribed; internationalist René Mayer had not abandoned internationalism. But he had opened wide the gates for further changes. Voting began at 2:20 a.m., and less than an hour later gruff old Assembly President Edouard Herriot announced the result: 389 for Mayer, 205 against, 22 abstentions. It was one of the largest voting majorities any recent French Premier has had.

Waiting Outside. His new cabinet includes 20 members of the previous Pinay cabinet, among them Defense Minister René Pleven. Biggest change was that of Georges Bidault for Robert Schuman as

Foreign Minister. Both men are of the same party, the M.R.P. (Popular Republicans), but of very different character. A clandestine resistance leader, Bidault was De Gaulle's Foreign Minister in the Provisional government. Later he represented France at the San Francisco Conference, and vigorously pushed ratification of the agreements which are the basis of the present EDC negotiations. Premier in 1950, Vice Premier and Defense Minister in several governments, he is a popular parliamentarian, but a man of unpredictable judgment.

The one good omen in Mayer's achievement was the breaking down of the blank and sterile opposition of the Gaullists to all participation in government. But there were still no Gaullists in the cabinet. By threatening to withdraw their voting support at any time they plainly hoped to extract further concessions from Mayer. Looking over the new government, a Frenchman cracked: "It is Pinay without Pinay and De Gaulle without De Gaulle."

BATTLE OF KOREA Death Underground

Snow-topped Anchor Hill, on Korea's east coast, is the northernmost point of the Eighth Army's 155-mile front. To the east lie the clear blue waters of the Sea of Japan. But the South Koreans deeply dug in on Anchor's top seldom get a look at the sea or at anything else, for the enemy's artillery is zeroed in on the summit.

Several weeks ago, hearing the scrape of shovels at night, the ROKs became aware that the enemy was tunneling under Anchor's north slope. By filling the tunnel

with men, weapons and ammo, the Reds could launch a close-range attack without warning, then slip back to safety.

One evening last week a small force of ROKs turned their parkas inside out, so that the white linings would help to camouflage them against the snow. Then they crept down the slope, flanked by diversionary groups on the left and right. The raiders surprised and killed three tunnel guards, then waited while the enemy packed the 8-by-5-ft. passage with troops. ROK engineers planted 200 lbs. of TNT at the tunnel's mouth; five minutes later, the explosive went up with a shattering roar. Forty-four Reds perished; the tunnel was ruined.

Down to the Bottom

South Korean peasants, fearful of Communist guerrillas lurking in the hills, often go to market by sea. Last week 300 or 400 peasants, bound for hungry Pusan, squeezed aboard the 146-ton steamer *Chang Kyong Ho* (*Prosperous Joy*), cramming its hold with 400 sacks of rice. Off the Korean coast, the overladen *Prosperous Joy* encountered mountainous seas; a crashing wall of water cascaded into the hold, and the ancient vessel sank. Seven passengers, including the captain, swam to safety; the rest (perhaps 350) went to the bottom with the ship.

Tragic Error

In one of the tragic errors that punctuate all modern wars, U.S. planes—apparently Marine Corps Panther jets—last week bombed and strafed a U.S. artillery unit, nine miles behind the western front in Korea. Fourteen Americans were killed, nine wounded.



MAYER

NEW FRENCH PREMIER

Chosen to lead France's 18th government since the Liberation: Finance Expert René Joël Simon Mayer.

Born: Paris, May 4, 1895, grandson of a rabbi, son of Jacob Justin Mayer, director of a dynamite company, and Marthe Rose Simone Dupont. A cousin by marriage of the famous Rothschild banking family, he has often represented Rothschild interests on company directorates.

Education: University of Paris, degrees in arts and law. **Decorations:** *Croix de guerre* for gallantry in World War I; a commander of the Legion of Honor.

Private Life: Married to Denise-Henriette Bloch. His only son Antoine, a parachutist, was killed in World War II; a daughter Lise is married to a silk dealer.

Political Career: Headed French armament mission to London 1930. Returning to France after the 1940 collapse, he was denied all posts under Pétain's anti-Semitic laws; escaped to North Africa in 1943, where he joined the Free French in Algiers. After the liberation of Paris, De Gaulle made him Public Works and Transportation Minister; later, French Commissioner for German Affairs. In 1947 he represented France at the U.N. As Finance Minister in the first Schuman cabinet, he devalued the franc over Sir Stafford Cripps's objections. Becoming Finance Minister again in 1951, he angered France (and helped topple the government of René Pleven) by introducing, and sticking to, an austerity budget plan. Commented Mayer: "A good Finance Minister is always unpopular." In debate he is austere and biting; admired, not adored.

Foreign Policy: Within his own Radical Socialist Party, he opposed the position taken by Leaders Herriot and Daladier against the European Army. Is a close friend of Europe's No. 1 internationalist, Jean Monnet, who heads the six-nation Schuman Plan coal-steel authority.

FOREIGN NEWS

EGYPT

Shifting Trade Winds

If, in these days of barriers and boycotts, it is still true that the flag follows trade, then the news from Cairo was ominous indeed. According to British trade figures, hitherto confidential, this is how Egypt's exports and imports (in Egyptian pounds) for the first nine months of 1952 compare with the same 1951 period:

Exports to the United Kingdom dropped 84% (from £33 to £5 million) largely because of a slump in the Lancashire textile industry, which halted Britain's purchase of Egypt's crucial cotton crop. Imports from Britain fell 28% (from £35 to £25 million).

Imports from Russia climbed 35% (from £6,500,000 to £10 million), while exports to Russia jumped nearly 2,000% (from £51,000 to £10 million).

PAKISTAN

Red Interlude

A few months ago, the datelines read Tehran, Cairo, Bagdad. Last week the news was the same—riots, Reds, wreckings—but the place was new: Karachi (pop. 360,000), capital city of newborn Pakistan.

The story broke in the familiar fashion. First came the excitable students, angered this time by a large increase in already exorbitant tuition fees. Egged on by their leaders, some of them Communists, they milled off to protest personally to the Education Minister, were stopped by police, who clubbed and tear-gassed them.

That was the Reds' cue to take over. The next morning, they shoved aside the more cautious student leaders, whipped up a mob and broke into the shopping center, toting clubs and torches. Interior Minister Mushtaq Gurmani drove up to make a personal appeal to the rioters. They trapped him, set fire to his Cadillac, and forced him to flee in a police car. Steel-helmeted cops put aside their clubs, grabbed rifles, began shooting. By evening the Reds had seven martyrs.

At 6 a.m. on the third morning, the Red-led mob swarmed out of Karachi's slums and back alleys; there was now hardly a student in sight, not a word about student grievances. Up & down the streets the mob surged, bearing a gory bundle, the lifeless, shell-torn body of a teen-age boy. "Close down," rioters yelled. "Observe *hartal* [the strike]." Frantically, shopkeepers shuttered up. The mob went systematically to work: attacking the headquarters of the police inspector general, breaking into liquor shops, smashing and guzzling, crashing into three munition stores to grab 300 guns. When troops and police charged, the rioters would yield and scatter, as though by a pattern, and then reform a few minutes later.

On the fourth day, it was over; at least eleven were dead.

GREAT BRITAIN

Insecure Security

One night last week in his Bristol home, Professor Cecil Frank Powell, a Nobel-Prizewinning nuclear scientist, was packing his bags for a trip. He had been invited by the Foreign Office to lecture in West Germany on British nuclear research. His packing was interrupted by the doorbell. At the door, he was confronted by a policeman who said: "Will you please call Whitehall 7033 at once."

When Powell did so, he found himself talking to an apologetic Foreign Office official. The trip was off. "The lectures we sponsor have no political flavor," said the official, "and because of your association



NUCLEAR PHYSICIST POWELL
Call Whitehall 7033.

with the British peace movement, we think your visit would have an overwhelmingly political flavor."

The Foreign Office's sudden turnaround kicked up a storm in the British press, not so much because of Scientist Powell, but because of what it revealed about the startling laxity of security in the oft-burned Foreign Office. A specialist in cosmic radiation, Powell has a record of affiliation with Communist-line causes. As vice president of the British Peace Committee, a Communist propaganda front, he so distinguished himself in its activities that he was nominated to the bureau of the Communist-manipulated World Peace Council (he declined). He twice had visited Atomic Spy Dr. Alan Nunn May in prison, but only, he said, to discuss "scientific matters."

The Foreign Office either was not aware of, or did not care about these circumstances; its only security check on Powell had been a cursory look at his record in a

few reference books like *Who's Who*. Only when the curious London Daily Express telephoned to ask why Powell had been selected, did the Foreign Office take a second look; then it reacted as if it had suddenly discovered considerably more about Scientist Powell's background than was public knowledge. "There is a normal checking routine in all cases," explained the Foreign Office lamely, "but in this particular one, it broke down."

The press was appalled. Twenty months after Diplomats Donald MacLean and Guy Burgess had disappeared with knowledge valuable to the Communists, the Foreign Office was still all too easygoing about the serious business of securing itself against subversion and espionage.

"True, the Foreign Office [now] states that steps have been taken to put matters right," exploded the Express. "But is not this precisely what the Foreign Office said after MacLean and Burgess disappeared?"

HUNGARY

On Time

On the day after Christmas, Hungary suffered one of the worst train wrecks in its history: 20 were killed, more than 100 injured. But few Hungarians knew of it. According to later reports, Matyas Rakosi's Communist officials simply executed the train's engineer and suppressed all news of the incident. The first Hungarians heard of the disaster was over a Voice of America broadcast.

Last week in Munich, another Hungarian engineer—one who got away—was supplying the Voice with more facts about Hungarian railroading under the Communists. He was a young man who had left a farm only four years ago to go to Budapest and try his luck on the railroads. "There were many new locomotives on the roads then," he said, "but they were all heading east to Russia. All we had were old Truman 525's." So called in derision, these were obsolescent U.S. locomotives sent over as stopgap aid before the Iron Curtain fell. Most were falling apart. The responsibility for keeping them rolling on short rations of coal and lubricants fell on their engineers.

Torpedo on the Track. Savings in fuel and grease meant bonuses, and engineers were constantly chancing runs on nearly greaseless bearings. Keeping the creaky engines in trim meant long hours of extra work for the drivers, but a breakdown was never blamed on faulty equipment. It was always labeled negligence or sabotage. Fearful of punishment and goaded by high wages (up to 1,250 forints—about \$100—a month), the engineers did what they could, but accidents were frequent, time-tables seldom kept. Engineers who complained, disappeared.

One night, the engineer who talked in Munich last week was at the throttle, driving a train of tank cars for Russia through a thick fog after 18 straight hours

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and
LUCKIES TASTE BETTER!
CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!



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—cleaner, fresher, smoother**



Ask yourself this: *Why do I smoke?*

You know, yourself, you smoke for enjoyment. And you get enjoyment only from the taste of a cigarette.

Luckies taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother! You can see *why* when you strip the paper from a Lucky by tearing down the seam.

First, you see your Lucky is made bet-

ter, because it remains a perfect cylinder of fine tobacco—round, firm, fully packed.

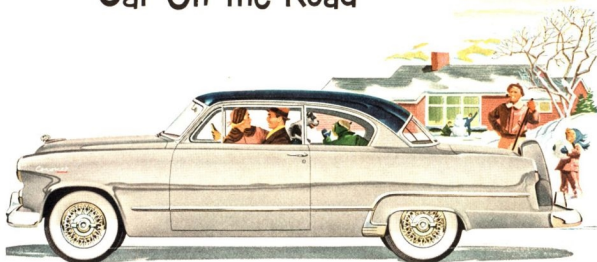
Second, you see Luckies' famous fine tobacco itself—long strands of fine, light, truly mild tobacco with a rich aroma and an even better taste. Remember, LS/MFT—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

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on the job. At last he dozed off. An alert switchman dropped a warning torpedo underneath his wheels in time to avoid a collision, but the young engineer was promptly arrested for sabotage. This is the rest of the story as he told it:

Barrel of Laughs. At the jail on Rakoczy Street in the town of Győr, policemen wielding hoses persuaded him to admit the sabotage; but it was not enough. He was ordered to name the U.S. agent who had bought him off. He knew of no agent. He was taken to another jail, on Bela Bartok Street, and placed in a barrel-shaped container which rolled around and around like the Barrel of Laughs at a carnival. Hours later he was taken out, spitting blood but still unable to name a guilty American. The Communists strapped him in a chair under a gadget like a beauty-shop hair drier that shot small electric charges into his skull. He screamed for release and tried desperately to think of an American name—any American name—that might satisfy his torturers, but he could think of none.

At long last, his inquisitors gave up and loaded him on board a train for Budapest, under guard and shackled with chains. It was a road he had often driven: he knew its grades, its crossings, the country on each side of its right of way. He asked his guard for permission to use the toilet. The guard removed his arm and leg irons, saw him into the small compartment at the car's end, and stood sentinel outside.

The prisoner waited for the grade he knew was just ahead. As the train slowed, he slammed open the door, knocked the guard against the corridor wall, raced off the train and into the woods. A guard's bullet hit his arm, but by the time the train stopped, the prisoner had enough head start to lose his pursuers. A week later he was safe across the border in Austria. "I can't reveal exactly how I did it," he said, "but even among Rakosi's trusted men, there are a few decent people."

ITALY

The Cat of Cats

Of all the cats that guarded Milan's dilapidated, bomb-scarred old Central Railway Station, the best and bravest was Momi, a dirty-grey draftee from the Milanese back alleys. Sallying forth on mission after mission from her base in Control Tower C, Momi did more than any of her comrades from the other six towers to rid the station of the army of rats which swarmed over it after the Allied bombings of 1943. She was quicker to dodge the trains, more artful in picking her way through the lethal maze of high tension lines, fiercer and more cunning in the chase. One by one the other cats disappeared or died, but Momi stayed on, even condescending to learn a few parlor tricks (like raising a paw on command) for the signalmen in Tower C.

In all Momi's years of service, the townsmen could remember her making only one misstep—that terrible time when, by accident, she stepped on a signal



TITO GREETING YUGOSLAV BISHOPS*
The Vatican did not smile.

Associated Press

button on the tower control panel and brought a fast express screeching to a stop on the tracks below. Tower Master Eugenio Olivieri picked Momi up by the scruff of the neck that day and threw her out of the window, but Momi, battered and limping, returned.

Last week, an honored veteran of nine years, Momi sickened and died. A queue of sad-eyed Milanese railroadmen filed past the little mound of earth over her grave. "She was a cat of cats," said one of Momi's old bosses, now head of the Station Vehicle Section. "She will have a place here as long as the trains run."

YUGOSLAVIA

How to Win Friends

Marshal Josip Broz, alias Tito, is one of the world's leading anti-Stalinists, but he is still a Communist in spirit and practice. Last week Tito, who plans a friendly visit to Britain in March, was trying to curry favor with Roman Catholics while continuing to attack the Vatican; and he was being downright gracious to a former enemy, Germany.

Late in 1952, when the Vatican made a cardinal of Archbishop Aloysius Stepinac—a man long persecuted by the Tito regime and still confined to his native village—Tito broke relations with the Holy See and sent the papal chargé d'affaires packing. Last week the Marshal invited seven high Yugoslav prelates to a conference at his villa. The churchmen came, smiled, registered for the nth time some old complaints, but agreed to join a church-government commission to study religious problems. Tito's propaganda organs claimed that the conference showed the government's "tolerance" of religion. But the Vatican saw it as a first step to-

ward nationalizing the Catholic Church in Yugoslavia.

The Yugoslavs have not forgotten Nazi brutalities during the war, and West Germany distrusts any Communist regime, however anti-Russian it may be. But trade between the two countries (e.g., German machinery for Yugoslav metals) is flourishing. Last week Bonn announced that Yugoslavia this year would return to Germany 15 German nationals and 150 Volksdeutsche (Yugoslav nationals of German blood) now held in Tito's detention camps. This presumably cleans the slate of all German war prisoners in Yugoslavia.

IRAN

Mossaddegh Loses Friends

One by one, Mohammed Mossaddegh was shedding or losing his powerful supporters. The first to go was evil old Mullah Kashani, powerful Speaker of the Majlis (Parliament) and boss of a gang of terrorists, who once pledged Mossaddegh "my entire efforts." Fed up with Kashani's flirtation with the Communists, Mossaddegh broke with him. Next, Mozafer Baghai, leader of the pro-Mossaddegh Toilers' Party, got too ambitious, and joined Kashani in the discard.

Then Mossaddegh had only one powerful friend left. That was Hussein Makki, the No. 2 man in the regime. Mossaddegh's personal representative at Abadan, his top vote-getter in Teheran. Makki liked to say that anyone who opposed his boss ought to be killed. Makki was also ambitious. The most conspicuous object in his living room is a six-foot, gilt-framed portrait of his craggy handsome head.

Makki returned recently from Wash-

* From left: Bishops Aksamovic, Lach, Buric.

ington, announced that he had "documents" and "proof" of all kinds of dire interference by Acheson and Truman. When able U.S. Ambassador Loy Henderson successfully rebutted the charges, Mossadegh forced his Deputy Prime Minister to go before a packed Majlis and admit that he had no proof or documents of any sort. Makki never forgot or forgave this.

Last week, his chance came. Mossadegh asked the Majlis to extend for a full year his dictatorial powers, which are due to expire Feb. 9. Makki scampered to the rostrum, announced: "I am resigning my seat in the Majlis," and stomped out.

As Mossadegh's friends and leadership fell away, his best chance of surviving lay in signing an oil agreement. U.S. negotiators reported him the most conciliatory he has ever been, though, remembering many past disappointments, they were guarded in their optimism. If he agrees to accept arbitration on Anglo-Iranian claims for breach of contract (which the British adamantly insist upon), Anglo-Iranian is prepared to buy to million tons of Iranian oil a year, and the U.S. to give Mossadegh large sums of economic aid. In Teheran, Ambassador Henderson wore a path to Mossadegh's bedside.

Far off in dusty Aden, a British protectorate, the British won the first legal round in their battle to blockade Iran's oil. A supreme court judge held that Iran's "nationalization" of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. was actually "confiscation," ordered the \$40,000 oil cargo aboard the blockade-running *Rose Mary* (TIME, June 30) turned over to Anglo-Iranian.

FORMOSA

Bright Feather

The big news on Formosa last week was a visiting celebrity: Dr. Hu Shih, China's most respected scholar, who was concluding his first visit to Formosa since that strategic island became the Nationalist refuge and stronghold. Scholar Hu (who has been leading the scholarly life in New York and Princeton) received a flattering and festive welcome, dined with Chiang Kai-shek and lectured to eager crowds.

His visit to Formosa was a big, bright feather in the Nationalist cap. Its importance stemmed not only from his eminence as a philosopher, poet, diplomat and educator, but from the fact that he was once regarded as outside of and above the struggle between Communists and Kuomintang. After four years (1938-42) as Chiang's ambassador in Washington, he left his post because of a tiff with the wartime Chungking regime. In 1947 he said: "Liberal is a terrible term these days, so you'd better just call me an independent." He wrote a letter to "Dear Mr. Mao" urging the Red leader to disband the Red army if and when the Communists joined the government. Now, five years later, the mainland Reds spewed out a poisonous torrent of calumny against him, and Chinese neutralists in Hong Kong and Singa-



Iran's HUSSEIN MAKKI
He never forgot.

pore, who sigh for a nonexistent third force, sulked because Hu had ignored them.

On Formosa, Hu called for more freedom of debate and criticism in the press, quizzically quoting a newspaper article that said "only Hu Shih enjoys freedom of speech in free China." But he praised the present freedom of discussion in Formosa's Legislative Yuan (assembly), citing that the Sino-Japanese peace treaty had been passed only after Foreign Minister George Yeh had to put in 19 appearances before Yuan committees.

Hu Shih compared the Nationalist struggle to regain the mainland with France's struggle to free herself of the Nazis in World War II. But he counseled



China's HU SHIH
He joined the struggle.

patience as well as perseverance. "The deliverance of France," he said, "took place not only through the individual efforts of loyal Frenchmen . . . but because a free France had become an integral part of global strategy . . . We know that half a million [Nationalist] soldiers are not enough to retake the mainland. Our future is linked with that of the free world, which must one of these days answer the question whether it is going to leave 450 million people on the Chinese mainland to be drilled, equipped and indoctrinated by world Communism."

RUSSIA

Praise for Loose Opinions

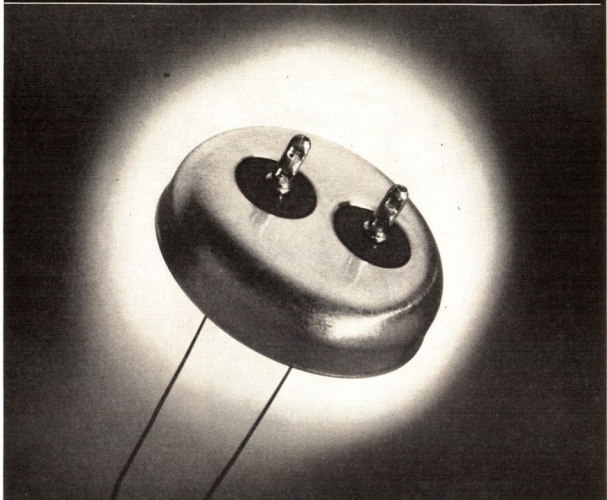
Keeping up with the Joneses, or the Ivanovs, is just as difficult in Soviet Russia as it is elsewhere; the difference is that in Russia your life may depend upon it. Before 1949, it was the height of intellectual fashion in the U.S.S.R. to praise an economic treatise written by one Nikolai A. Voznesensky. He won a Stalin Prize for it. Voznesensky was a favorite of Stalin's favorite Zhdanov, the smartest young economist on the Red horizon, Vice Premier at 42, and the Politburo's chief wartime planner.

Then several things happened to change the fashion. Zhdanov died. His old enemy Malenkov succeeded to the place of favor at Stalin's right hand, and Voznesensky disappeared—apparently clean off the face of the earth. P. Fedoseev, editor of the official magazine *Bolshevik*, was suddenly bounced out of his job for having praised the Voznesensky book, which, it now seemed, was nothing but "an idealistic motley of loose opinions . . . showing a total and absolute break with Marxism." What awful thing had Voznesensky said? He wrote that the Soviet system works so well that ordinary economic laws of price relationship do not apply.

Last month Editor Fedoseev tried to climb back on the bandwagon by publishing in *Izvestia* a series of articles extravagantly praising another economic treatise (TIME, Oct. 13) by a more reliable author—J. Stalin. This treatise directly attacked what was now tarred as the Voznesensky thesis: there are still economic laws, said Stalin, "which take place independently of the will of man"; people who don't realize this are "dazzled by the extraordinary success of the Soviet system, and they begin to imagine that the Soviet Government can 'do anything.'" (Only J. Stalin, of all Russians, dares say there are things he cannot do.) Editor Fedoseev glowed with approval; his tribute could not have been more slavish; but still it got him in trouble. He was denounced for failing to admit in his *Izvestia* article how wrong he had been four years ago when he praised the other book. Fedoseev apologized.

Confronted with the horrible example of Editor Fedoseev, nearly 1,000 Soviet economists and writers gathered at a mass meeting in Moscow last week to confess in public their sin of having once praised the works of Nikolai A. Voznesensky.

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Up to now, the pins that hold a fluorescent lamp in its socket have always been fastened to the lead-in wires by soldering. Now General Electric bonds them together by crimping. Used in the new *G-E Rapid Start* fluorescent lamps, crimped pins are stronger. They're uniform in length and diameter. They don't corrode. They're easier to put into sockets. They provide more positive electrical connections. It's another example of why you can *expect* the best value from General Electric fluorescent lamps.

You can put your confidence in—

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KOREA

Visiting Tiger

In 1897 the Korean monarchy jailed and tortured a young radical of royal lineage who warned that the Japanese were trying to take over his country. He spent from his 22nd to his 29th year in prison. In 1912, two years after Japan openly annexed his country, the radical fled from Korea and from the Japanese police, who quite correctly suspected him of plotting against their regime. In the next 33 years the world's diplomats came to know stubborn Syngman Rhee as a tiresome, zealous exile, vainly pleading the cause of Korean independence, frantically warning that Japan was a menace to peace. Even after the defeat of Japan in World War II, Syngman Rhee still blew on the fingers his torturers had mashed, still recklessly declared his hatred for the Japanese. If Tokyo sent troops to help win the Korean war, said Rhee last fall, "we would turn around and fight the Japanese before the Communists."

Largely because of Rhee's attitude, Korean and Japanese negotiators have failed to solve the postwar problems of Japan Sea fishing rights, Japanese property claims growing out of the 35-year occupation of Korea, and the standing of Koreans in Japan. The two countries have continued to feud, without benefit of diplomatic ties. Last fall General Mark Clark audaciously invited Rhee to call on him in Tokyo, and last week, 77-year-old Syngman Rhee flew to Tokyo with his forceful, Austrian-born wife, who is 20 years his junior. He was, he said, "willing to meet Japan halfway."

In Tokyo, he reviewed an honor guard, lunched at the big white U.S. embassy, then motored to General Clark's mansion for the main event of his trip: tea and cakes with Japanese Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida.

Rhee, Yoshida and Clark talked guardedly about Korea-Japan relations. At one point, Yoshida recalled hunting in Korea early in the century, asked Rhee: "Are there still many tigers in Korea?" "No," replied Syngman Rhee, "there are not many tigers left."

Next day Rhee, one of Korea's few remaining tigers, took off for Seoul, proclaiming enigmatically that his visit had "achieved more than I had anticipated."

JAPAN

The Yen Arcade

Pachinko-ryo is an ailment new to the annals of medicine and peculiar to Japan. Its symptoms: blistered fingers, a sprained thumb and eyeballs that jiggle in their sockets like popcorn kernels tossed on to a hot griddle.

The cause of *pachinko-ryo* is *pachinko*, a sort of poor man's pinball game. It has swept Japan like a virus in the last three years and brought the neon pallor of the penny arcade to the land of the rising sun.

The *pachinko* machine (cost: \$20) stands upright to save space. From the

owner the player buys a handful of small steel balls at 2 yen ($\frac{1}{2}$ ¢) apiece and drops them one by one into a small hole on the right side of the machine. With a spring-driven lever he flicks the ball upward; if it happens to fall into one of several nail-fenced cavities in the face of the machine, the player wins 10, 15 or 20 steel balls. Those he can trade for cigarettes, candies or a variety of other inexpensive prizes (law forbids prizes worth more than 2¢). A devotee who has taken home 600 yen or more in prizes may call himself a *pro-pachinko*, or professional.

Dull Device. To U.S. pinball players, accustomed to a machine which does everything but sing *Yankee Doodle*, the *pachinko* machine may seem a dull device. But by last week, Japan was speckled with at least 900,000 *pachinko* machines; Tokyo alone has 7,000 arcades, 170 of them reserved for children. The Japanese last year spent 100 billion yen (\$277 million), or the equivalent of 11.7% of the



PACHINKO PLAYER
Flowers from the boys.

national budget, on *pachinko*. Competition is so fierce among Tokyo parlors that one, the Heaven & Earth, hired a stripper to provide "relaxation for the players' eyes," only to find that the players preferred the machines.

Angry Solace. "The passion of the common people for *pachinko*," a professor solemnly decided, "seems to be a sort of resistance against the misadministration of the government . . . Their fingertips flipping steel balls are filled with some sense of anger." Sometimes the anger gets the better of *pachinko* players. Recently a 72-year-old woman fan lost her temper, smashed the glass of the machine, cut herself and bled to death.

A fortnight ago in Tokyo's Popeye *pachinko* parlor, an employee stopped one Kaichi Daijo in the midst of a winning streak. Outraged, Daijo stabbed the employee to death. Daijo was in jail last week, charged with murder. At the victim's funeral services appeared a large wreath of paper flowers inscribed: "An inch of our heart goes with you." It was from the boys at the Popeye parlor.

Neurotic Explosion

At 45, Colonel Aubrey Dewitt Smith, chief of the Plans & Operations Division (Logistics Section) of the U.S. Army in Japan, was destined for bigger things. An up & coming West Pointer (class of '30), decorated at Okinawa (Silver Star) and a Korean war veteran, his life was all Army. He was at his desk all day, relaxed in the Officers' Club, and was married to a general's daughter: Dorothy Krueger Smith, 40, the only daughter of retired General Walter Krueger, World War II commander of the island-hopping Sixth Army.

But to Dorothy Smith, brunette and high-strung, the lot of a conscientious soldier's wife was not a happy one. Monotony unnerved her, loneliness oppressed; she sought excitement in alcohol, forgetfulness in dope. The colonel, she believed, regarded his wife as a clinging handicap to his professional career.

Last October Colonel Smith got orders to leave for Washington, where a promotion awaited him. That night, as she slept, he was stabbed to death.

"Willful Murder." In Tokyo last week a U.S. Army court-martial, headed by a major general and including a WAC lieutenant colonel, heard the prosecution accuse Dorothy Smith of "willful and premeditated murder." Shigeko Tani, her Japanese maid, testified that she found the colonel bleeding to death in bed and Mrs. Smith, in bra and panties, clutching a bloody, ten-inch-long hunting knife. A neighbor, Lieut. Colonel Joseph S. Hardin, found the defendant sitting alongside her dying husband, trying to light two cigarettes at once. She blurted out: "I'm sorry I didn't get him in the heart."

"Primitive Impulse." For the defense, Lieut. Colonel Howard S. Levie challenged the court-martial's legal competence on the grounds that the Army ceases to have jurisdiction over a soldier's wife at the moment of her husband's death. Overruled, Levie entered a plea of "temporary insanity" and came close to making it stick. Mrs. Smith, said a witness, "didn't know what she was doing" when under the influence of drugs or liquor; at the time of the murder she was "doped" with paraldehyde, a sedative.

Brigadier General Rawley E. Chambers, the Army's top psychiatrist and Mrs. Smith's former personal physician, told the court that the defendant is subject to "neurotic explosions," that she has frequently slashed her wrists, and that once she knocked down another officer's wife. "I believe she would be able to tell right from wrong," the general said. "But I do not believe that she had any ability to adhere to the right."

By six votes to three, the court found Dorothy Smith guilty of first-degree murder and sentenced her "to be confined at hard labor for the rest of her natural life." Major General Joseph P. Sullivan choked up as he read the sentence.

* A unanimous verdict of guilty would have made the death sentence mandatory.

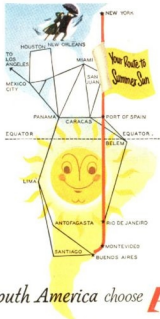


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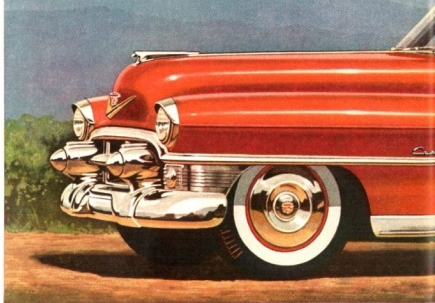
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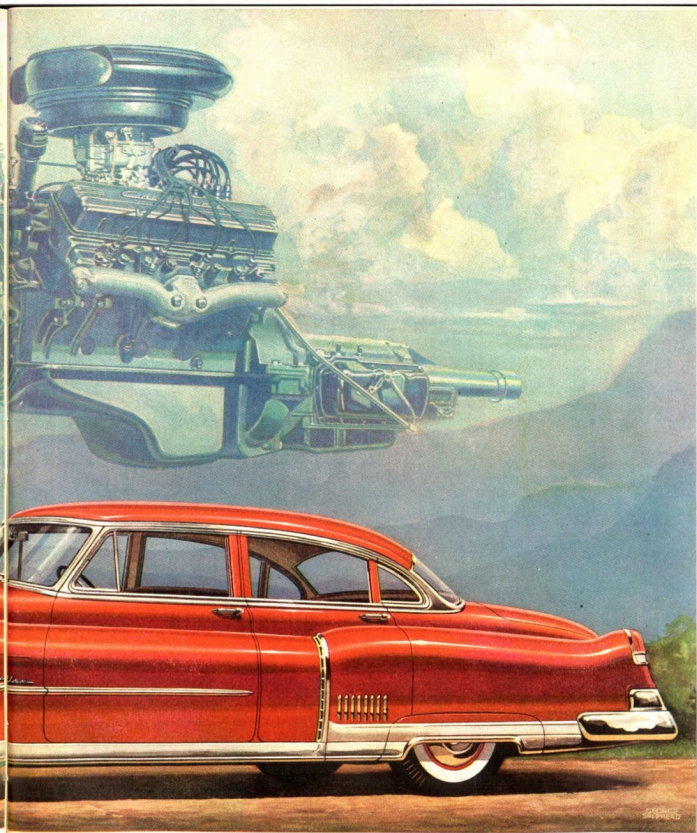
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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

The Not-So-Brave Bulls

Latin American bullfight fans have long claimed that there is a simple and sinister explanation for the strange behavior of Spanish matadors, so daring at home, often so cautious on tours abroad. The explanation: bull handlers in Spain soften up the bulls beforehand by trimming their horns. Last week *aficionados* on both sides of the Atlantic were embroiled in hot debate—and the Latin Americans had confirmation of their darkest suspicions—after a series of revelations by no less an authority than Antonio Bienvenida, rated among Spain's top ten matadors.

As Bienvenida described the fix, the handlers cut away a few inches of horn, then disguise their work by filing and painting the mutilated tips and by shaving away hair at the base to make the horn look longer. This operation, said Bienvenida, explains much of the daring of big-name Spanish matadors in recent years. "No wonder our bullfighters clown with the bulls nowadays," said he. "With the bulls in such a condition, anybody can get into the ring and caress the bull's muzzle and grin at the spectators while the bull is charging. The poor animal is like a man whose teeth have been filed down to the gums and who has to chew hard bread. Just look what happens to our big stars when they go to South America."

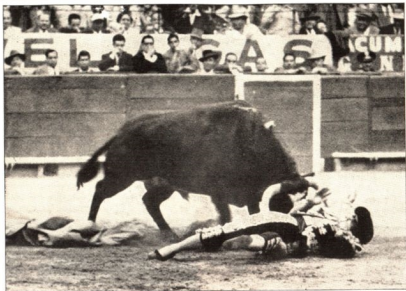
Before the week was out, Matador Bienvenida could point to two examples of just how tough Latin American bullfighting can be. One example was provided by one of Mexico's top matadors, Jorge Aguilar, who was carried to the hospital with a deep horn wound in his right leg. The other example came from Caracas, Venezuela. Trying to make up for a lackluster performance with his first bull of the afternoon, Spain's top matador, Luis Miguel Dominguez (TIME, Dec. 22), worked his second with contemptuous skill. Then, as Dominguez casually seated himself on the *estribo* (the wooden ridge running around the inside of the barrier wall), the bull caught the matador in the thigh, spun him to the ground.

It was the worst goring of Dominguez's career, his first in five years. Commenting coldly on the mishap, a Madrid newspaper sided with the Latinos: "From now on, if we want to see the real thing, we will have to go to Latin America."

CANADA

New Front Door

In the postwar air age, Gander Airport in northeastern Newfoundland has replaced the seaport of Halifax as Canada's front door. More than 300,000 transatlantic air travelers landed there in 1952; many get their first and only impression of Canada at the field. Gander's 8,600-ft. main runway, its instrument-landing equipment, and the high-intensity runway lights now



United Press

AGUILAR GORED IN MEXICO CITY
The darkest suspicions were confirmed.

being installed make it technically one of the world's most up-to-date airports. But in the creature comforts by which most tourists form their opinions of a port of call, Gander Airport is as outmoded as a whaling ship.

Arriving at Gander, passengers are herded off their planes through long, wooden ramps appropriately called "sheep runs." The ramps lead to a vast, gloomy hangar built in 1941, when Gander was expanded to serve as a bomber ferry base. Grounded travelers, hung up in Gander for periods varying from an hour or two for refueling to several days for bad weather, have little choice but to haunt the airport's brawling, barnlike waiting room in a bedlam of children's cries and squawking announcements by 20-odd airlines. Grand Falls (pop. 16,059), the nearest town of any size, is three hours away by slow train. Three-day-old newspapers, and long, morose drinks of potent Newfoundland "screech" (rum) at the crowded bar* are the chief available diversions from the monotony of staring at the cheerless landscape.

Realizing that Gander's grim aspect is the worst kind of advertising for Canada's tourist trade, the Department of Transport recently flew a group of government officials into Gander to see what could be done about improving the place. Last week some of the experts' proposed changes began to take shape. A new catering firm was signed up to improve the dining service. Architects went to work on plans to brighten the interior of the hangar waiting room, to tear down the sheep runs and replace them with paved walks. The raucous confusion of airline

* The only bar in Canada open 24 hours a day.

announcements will be replaced by a single announcer system; newscasts and soothing music will be piped into the waiting room.

Workmen already have converted a section of the hangar into a small but comfortable movie theater. The National Film Board is supplying the theater with documentaries about Canada's modern cities and its showier tourist places (e.g., Banff, Lake Louise, Niagara Falls), all frankly calculated to reassure travelers that the inside of Canada's house is not so forbidding as its bleak front porch.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Strongman's Whimsy

In the dingiest slums of Manhattan's Harlem, a humble, \$3,000-a-year fruit peddler by the name of Adolfo Camarena got word last week from the Dominican Republic's President Hector Trujillo (brother of the nation's real ruler: Strongman Rafael Leonidas Trujillo). Camarena, Trujillo announced, was to be the Dominican Republic's consul in Los Angeles, at a salary of \$18,000 a year.

There was method in the Strongman's apparent whimsy. An exile from his island country since 1937, Adolfo Camarena, 44, had long been a leader of the feverish, ineffectual group of New York Dominicans who unendingly plot Trujillo's overthrow. The dictator's courts had sentenced him *in absentia* to 30 years' hard labor. But finally, Trujillo's New York consulate persuaded Camarena to turn against the anti-Trujillistas. His reward was the Los Angeles job. "This is the opportunity of my life," said Camarena. Ten hours later he had quit his fruit business and boarded a plane for California.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

On a trip to Europe to help forget his domestic troubles, Manhattan's bantam Showman **Billy Rose**, 52, confided to a London reporter that he would like to adopt two homeless European children. He explained: "When I married Miss **Fanny Brice**, she was one of America's great comediennes and very busy. When I married Miss **Eleanor Holm**, I was very busy." Why did he want children now? Was he lonely? Not exactly, said Rose. "At my age, most people are lucky if they have enough friends to go round one card table. Me, I've got enough to go round two."

On a visit to Manhattan, Max Blouet, manager of Paris' George V Hotel, brought "a gift nobody could buy" for former Guest **Dwight Eisenhower**. The present: a bottle of 1800 cognac from the private cellar of **Napoleon I**.

Evangelist **Billy Graham** returned from Korea with the news that he had discovered a new breed of G.I. Said he: "I never once saw a pin-up picture. But I saw hundreds of Bibles."

Metropolitan Opera Soprano **Helen Traubel** arrived in Manila knowing full well that mangoes give her hives, but nevertheless indulged in the tempting forbidden fruit. Result: a severe rash which closed both eyes for two days and forced the postponement of a scheduled concert at Bacolod City.

In Paris, Actor **Jean-Louis Barrault**, home after a successful Broadway run, announced that the scheduled appearance

of his troupe in the Cairo Opera House (for which all available seats had been sold) had been canceled by the Egyptian government because of Arab hostility to France over the Tunisia and Morocco squabbles. Said Barrault: "Decidedly I will never see the pyramids, but I have so many happy memories of New York that I am somewhat consoled."

After six years of haggling, the four major parties in the Danish Parliament agreed on the text of a constitutional amendment to allow the ascension of a woman to the throne. If passed by both Parliament and popular referendum, which is likely, 12-year-old **Princess Margrethe** will be heiress presumptive (in the place of her uncle **Prince Knud**, 52-year-old



Associated Press
PRINCESSES FAWZIA, FAIKA & FAIZA
They wanted their \$5,000,000.

brother of King **Frederik**), with the possibility of becoming the first Danish queen since **Margrethe I** (1353-1412), a precocious sovereign who made bright Danish history. **Margrethe I** became the 10-year-old child bride of King **Haakon VI** of Norway, assumed the crown of Norway when he died, and, by invitation from the unhappy Swedes, took their crown and merged the three countries into a single Scandinavian kingdom.

Egypt's beautiful Princesses **Fawzia**, **Fawzia**, and **Faika**, joined by their sister **Fathia**, who is now living in the U.S., filed suit in Cairo to recover some \$5,000,000 worth of jewels, property and palace treasures as their share of the impounded estate of unbeautiful exiled brother **Farouk**. The lawyers acting for them will challenge the will of their father, the late King **Fuad**, which left all movable treas-



Chicago Herald-American—International
NATHAN LEOPOLD
He changed his cells.

ures in the royal palaces to **Farouk**; and base their claim on Islamic law, which gives each female one-eighth of the family estate. The government's case: the estate is now public property, not subject to inheritance rules.

In his weekly newspaper column, Adman-Author **Bruce Barton** added another item to the long list of **Calvin Coolidge** stories. During a visit to the ex-President in Northampton, Mass., Barton recalled, he saw Mr. Coolidge use a telephone for the first time. To check his memory, Barton asked if there had been a telephone in the White House office. Answered Coolidge: "There was one in a booth in the hall I could have used, but I never did. The President shouldn't talk on the phone. You can't be sure it's private, and telephoning isn't in keeping with the dignity of the office."

Biologists, interested in the tiny marine organisms called ascidians, heard good news from Tokyo: this summer **Emperor Hirohito** will publish his second book on marine life, *Ascidians of Sagami Bay*, the result of four years' research and 20 years of specimen collecting in which he discovered 21 new species. His first book, *Opisthobranchia of Sagami*, published four years ago, was a bestseller among marine biologists.

In Joliet, Ill. prison, where he was sentenced to life in 1924 for his part in the wanton slaying of 14-year-old **Bobby Franks**, 48-year-old **Nathan Leopold** felt that he had paid his debt to society and asked for parole. Said he: "I have changed completely. My personality, even my physical being has changed. No cell that was in my body at the time of the crime is there today. I have learned my lesson." The parole board is expected to announce its decision sometime this month.



APOT—Black Star
PRINCESS MARGRETHE
She improved her chances.

PERSONALITY

ANYONE willing to go along with the proposition that a house is an Energetic Environment Valve, and that man is, among other things, "a self-balancing 28-jointed adapter-base biped" will find himself right at home with Richard Buckminster Fuller. Bucky Fuller is a super-technologist whose mission in life is to help the human race do more & more with less & less until, at the ultimate, it can do everything with nothing. Various classified as a scientist, engineer, philosopher and architect, but innocent of formal education beyond a matter of months at Harvard College, which callously bounced him in the teens of the century, Bucky Fuller is today a teacher whose mind bestrides the most colossal problems of life and living, and whose proposals can be called provocative, if not provocative. Bucky Fuller's idolaters compare him to Leonardo da Vinci, and even his detractors do not view him as an ordinary man. "Don't underestimate Bucky," warned one of them recently. "He might be a fake, but he's certainly a Force."

Although, as with Leonardo, there is no limit to Bucky's interests, and no domain he cannot think himself into or out of, many of his most energetic ideas center in how best to shelter the human race. A house is an energetic environment valve because man, the 28-jointed, etc., biped, creates or modifies his environment by the energy he brings to it; it is the house's function to sluice the bipped's energy into its appropriate social, sexual, digestive or somnolent modes. In the Fuller terminology, an automobile is a migratory glassed-in front porch; an airplane is a powerized, high-speed room. "Bucky thinks the individual should be able to exist by just plugging himself into the landscape," a friend said recently.

Bucky Fuller's name was once best known for its association with the Dymaxion House, the first version of which was a life valve designed to hang from a central mast containing an elevator. But today this once revolutionary idea is old stuff, and superseded by the Fuller Geodesic Dome. The dome is as big as one likes, made up of small spherical triangles pinned together. In appropriate sizes, it can be made to shelter anything from new-layeds to a railway terminal with less weight and hence less cost, and, Bucky hopes, be more resistant to hurricanes or atomic-bomb blasts than conventional designs. "It would be a good room structure too," said a Fuller enthusiast.

LAST summer the Museum of Modern Art plugged a model of a Geodesic Dome into its landscape of Manhattan's West 53rd Street and drew as many as 2,000 spectators on a Sunday. This spring, the Ford Motor Co. will unveil a 90-footer, made of such gossamer materials as aluminum spars, Orion fabric and Fiberglas, to enclose a large court in its Rotunda in Dearborn, Mich., as part of its 50th anniversary celebration. This will bring this Fuller idea closer to practical use and success than most; it has hitherto been the fate of most of Bucky's dreams to blow up when the attempt was made to connect them to the surging voltages of everyday life. This has never troubled Bucky. No matter what happens on earthly levels, his mind goes its own soaring way. Currently it is full of another concept of shelter for the human family in the form of a great whirling blade overhead, which swishes into outer space all cold and fog and wind and rain, together with the moth and rust that corrupt, leaving the shipping clerk and his riveter wife snug and secure with their three children inside the wall-less vacuum of his dreams. If any fool objects that the neighbors can see in, there are always curtains, or something.

It is as a teacher and inspirer of youth that Bucky scores most heavily today. This year, as occasionally before, he is

putting in two months at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the archbishopric of practical science in America, whither he came dragging a carful of models, tools, domes and other geometries from the University of Michigan. He calls himself a visiting professor of energetic geometry, and lectures to graduate students in architecture at M.I.T., as almost everywhere, with success. Since most teachers in America operate on narrow gauge and have strictly limited switching faculties in the world of cognition, Bucky is an inspiring Messiah to the type of youth that wants to be told the relationship between a triangle and quantum mechanics, and cannot find anyone else willing or able to make the connection.

FEW people have ever been able to catch Bucky reading a book; his ideas in consequence are almost bound to be his own, and fresh minted. His great virtue as an inspirer of young men lies in the extraordinary egocentric faith he has in his own

intuitions; as a scientist, Bucky often has not much more quality than Lewis Carroll's Bellman, in *The Hunting of the Snark*, whose assertion was that what he said three times was true, but he can relate anything in the world to anything else, and spin such long-chain molecules of thought that professors to whom a house is a house would rather maintain a purse-lipped reserve than openly contradict.

Now 57, and thinner than he used to be, Bucky Fuller today presents a kindly and tranquil aspect to the world. His build is stubby; from a thick neck there rises a handsomely shaped skull; his hair is well-implanted, white and crew-cropped; his light eyes swim hugely behind the thick trifocals a man must wear who is too farsighted to cope unaided with the close at hand. As he warms to a subject, an initial shyness disappears; his ideas pop up faster & faster, as interminably as bubbles from a test tube held in a hot blue flame. Two hours may pass, but the answer to a simple question is not complete; Bucky is still stewing, happily and

softly, in his own rich juices, his quiet, cultivated New England voice scarcely varying from paragraph to momentous paragraph. Any interruption jars him; he copes with it politely, lays it aside, and resumes from where he thinks he ought to be. After three hours, the visitor may rise to leave. "May I borrow two more minutes," says Bucky, "to complete the thought?"

THE energetic environment valve in which the Fullers flutuate when Bucky is at home is definitely non-Dymaxion and infra-geodesic; a two-room Queens apartment with bath and kitchenette such as might have served a young couple beginning married life modestly in 1912. The living room is furnished in a combination of advanced geometric shapes and Chinese prints; there are some books, a head of Bucky sculptured in chromium, and a photograph of his beautiful daughter, Allegra. Mrs. Fuller, as befits the wife of a man concerned almost exclusively with the future, is apt to murmur "How nice, darling," in answer to almost any revelation from her husband. Once when he was deep in numerology, he conducted a marital quarrel entirely in digits. "He was terribly mad at me that night," Anne Fuller recalled, "but all he would say was '27-4-32.'" Genealogy connects Buckminster Fuller to Transcendental Concord, Mass.; he is the grandnephew of Margaret Fuller, friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Bucky invented a series of Dymaxion bathrooms which were excellently designed, but demanded a great deal of their occupants. "Damn it," said an eminent architectural friend of Bucky's, "Bucky thinks people ought to get weighed while sitting on the toilet seat, brushing their teeth with a cake of soap and taking a shower from a fog-gun." An evil light came into the eminent architectural eye. "But I ainta gonta," he said. "I just ainta gonta."



R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

SPORT

Double Trouble

Four years ago, the small Jesuit school in the Pacific Northwest was not even a minor-league basketball power. Seattle University's team played in its own small gymnasium against obscure junior college teams, rarely rated a line outside the local papers. This year the team is the toast of Seattle, nationally ranked (16th) and a top-drawer drawing card in basketball from coast to coast. There are two good reasons for Seattle's sudden upsurge in popularity and prestige: Johnny O'Brien,

to hit an amazing 3,000 for his four-year career.

"Man of the Year." Born in South Amboy, N.J., the O'Briens decided to go to Seattle in the summer of 1949, when they met Coach Al Brightman, who doubles as Seattle's baseball coach. Scouting a semi-pro baseball tournament in Wichita, Kans., Brightman was taken with hard-hitting Shortstop Johnny (last year's average: .433) and Outfielder Ed (.431) of the South Amboy team.* When Brightman heard that the twins were also good basketball players, he made them a



THE TWINS IN ACTION: JOHNNY (No. 4) & Ed (No. 3)
Against human skyscrapers, a firehorse offense.

the nation's alltime scoring champion (TIME, Jan. 5), and his twin brother Ed.

Scorer & Feeder. In a game where human skyscrapers usually grab the spotlight, the little O'Briens (5 ft. 9 in., 160 lbs.) are a refreshing exception. Johnny is the scorer, Ed the "feeder." Playing on a team that specializes in an all-out "firehorse" offense, Johnny is able to score with every kind of shot—hooks, jumps, tip-ins, lay-ups—and equally well with both hands. When Johnny is "double-teamed," i.e., when the defense guards him with two men, Ed, a deadeye long-range shooter, pops in baskets from the outside.

Last week, returning from a ten-day tour of the East, Seattle won both games in a home series with Gonzaga University, brought its season's record to eleven victories against two losses. "Johnny O," as Seattle fans affectionately call him, ran his four-year total up to 2,713 points. Averaging more than 27 points a game so far this year, Johnny O needs only 287 points in 18 remaining games

scholarship offer (free tuition and \$75 a month for living expenses).

The twins, majoring in commerce and finance, hold up the scholarship end well enough. Their current grades: three As and a B apiece. They have been upholding their athletic reputations even better since the first day they walked into the gym. Their biggest thrill: a charity game last year when they handed the famed professional Harlem Globetrotters their first defeat in 77 games, with Johnny scoring 43 points.

Last week Johnny was named Seattle's "Man of the Year," and at a big civic dinner, with the governor in attendance, Johnny took over the mike to explain how such a little fellow could be so good. Deliberately feigning a strong Jersey accent, Johnny grinned: "Well, foist youse baffle 'em wit science and den youse have a brudder like mine."

* So is the Pittsburgh Pirates' General Manager Branch Rickey, who has already made them a professional baseball offer.

Old Pros. v. New

As longtime rulers of the amateur tennis world, Australian Davis Cuppers Frank Sedgman and Ken McGregor got so used to beating all comers that any defeat was considered something of an accident. Last week the young ex-amateur kings learned something about the hazards of their new trade. Making their professional debuts in Los Angeles and New York, Sedgman, 25, and McGregor, 23, smashed head on into Old Pros Jack Kramer and Pancho Segura, two 31-year-old tennis oldsters.

By this week rangy (6 ft. 3 in.) Ken McGregor had yet to win a set from bandy-legged little (5 ft. 6 in.) Pancho Segura; the Aussies were just holding their own in the doubles; and Sedgman had to come from behind, after taking one of the worst shellackings of his career, to even his matches at two-all with Kramer.

Promoter Kramer, sporting an even bigger "big game" than he had as a topflight amateur six years ago, gave Sedgman his tennis lesson in the first match at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden. Time & again Sedgman slammed over shots that looked like sure winners. More often than not, Strategist Kramer, anticipating Sedgman's every move, slammed the ball right back past the flabbergasted Aussie. Booming his big serve in with pinpoint precision, playing virtually errorless tennis, Kramer forced Sedgman into a disastrous series of outs and nets, won the lopsided match, 6-1, 6-2.

Sedgman offered no excuses for his drubbing. Said he: "When that guy Kramer gets on top of you, he never lets off the pressure." Kramer was jubilant over his game, but visibly worried over the poor showing of his star attractions ("They'll be better within a week").

To Promoter Kramer's obvious relief, Sedgman was better the next day. Amid occasional catcalls from the crowd of 11,000 whenever Kramer muffed an easy point, Sedgman managed to edge the old pro, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3. But little Pancho Segura was still dubious about the Aussies' long-range chances: "These guys got a lot to learn about tennis—all they know is attack. No change of pace, can't lob." Then Pancho broke into a wide grin: "I beat these guys any day—next month even. They're still nothing but amateurs."

New Honors

When lanky Althea Gibson, Negro women's tennis champion, cracked the tennis color line in 1950, she soon proved that she could hold her own with the nation's best women players. Althea, then 22, reached the finals of her first National Indoor championship before losing to Nancy Chaffee. Fast improving with the chance to play against topflight competition, Althea went on to win the Good Neighbor Tournament (in Florida) and an international invitation tournament (in Germany). Last week, already enjoying a No. 9 national ranking, Althea became the first of her race to win another honor: No. 1 ranking from the Eastern Lawn Tennis Association.

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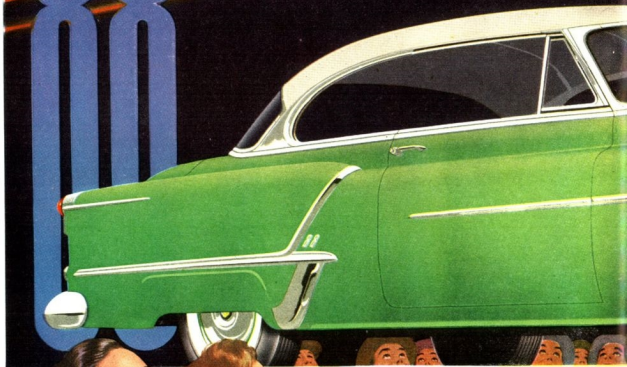
Benson & Hedges

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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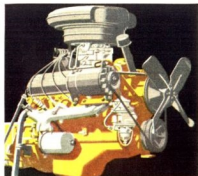


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great moment on June 2nd, there will be weeks and months of feverish excitement. **CORONATION FEVER!** You'll catch it the moment you set foot on British soil. You'll feel it in the songs of Welsh miners at night, in the skirl of Scottish bagpipes. For this is the year when all of Britain—from Land's End to the Mountains of Mourne in Northern Ireland—seems to be saying: *Come join me in my brightest, gayest mood, in my most glorious hour. Share all my priceless treasures.* See your Travel Agent now and come to Britain in Coronation Year.

For further information, see your Travel Agent or write British Travel Association, Box 2B, 336 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17

RELIGION

Cardinals of the Church

Toward Rome last week, by roads that began in Bombay, Bogotá, Los Angeles and other far-off places, traveled the princes of the Roman Catholic Church. Among them, bound for their first papal consistory, were 17 of the church's 24* new cardinals. One of the last to arrive, after a stormy Atlantic crossing in a Constellation named *Star of Vatican City*, was Los Angeles' Archbishop Francis A. McIntyre, the single new cardinal from the U.S.

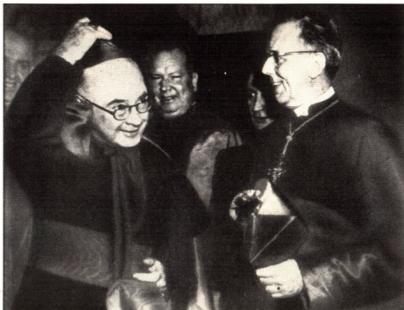
As they awaited the consistory, the prelates checked in with friends at the Vatican, had last-minute fittings of the

Apostolic Palace's Hall of the Consistory. Behind closed doors, the Pope submitted the names of the 24 to the cardinals.

"I think the time has come," he said, "to fill the sad vacancies in the Sacred College. *Quid vobis videtur* [What do you think]?" the cardinals doffed their birettas and nodded in assent.

Later in the day, Vatican messengers, who once carried their news on fast horses, climbed into black Cadillacs and Fords to bring the *biglietto di nomina* (ticket of nomination) to each nominee.

Later this week the new cardinals would gather in the Apostolic Palace's Hall of the Throne, where the Pope would present them with their red birettas of office.



SPELLMAN & MCINTYRE IN ROME
"What do you think?" asked the Pope.

robes which they would wear, and got detailed briefings from papal attendants on their roles in the complex ceremonies. At Rome's Grand Hotel, the 61 U.S. clergymen and laymen who had accompanied Archbishop McIntyre got ready for the big day. New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman arrived by jet airliner on his way home from his Christmas visit to Korea.

This week the four-day consistory began. In keeping with the tradition that the cardinals-designate are only candidates for their high offices (although their appointments were announced in November), Pope Pius gathered with the 22 "old" cardinals present in Rome in the

In St. Peter's, wearing red cassocks and ermine-topped cardinals' capes for the first time, they would be formally installed as members of the church's senate. Shortly thereafter, Vatican messengers would bring to each the broad-brimmed *galero*, the traditional red hat.

The new cardinals will take the *galero* with them, but will never wear it. Ceremonially, it is used only once—when it rests on the cardinal's bier.

Warning to Preachers

A monstrosity, in the Roman Catholic Church, is a finely worked vessel, usually made of gold or silver, which contains the consecrated Host. This, Catholics believe, is the Real Presence of Christ. The monstrosity of Protestantism, however, is the preaching of its ministers, and the faith of the Reformers was based on the assurance that "God met His people in His word." Using this comparison, Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, 76, longtime presi-

* Two of the new cardinals—Yugoslavia's Archbishop Aloysius Stepinac and Poland's Stefan Wyszyński—stayed at home rather than run the risk of being refused readmittance to their countries. By long custom, the Spanish nominees and the papal nuncios to France, Spain, Portugal and Italy would receive their insignia of office from local heads of state.

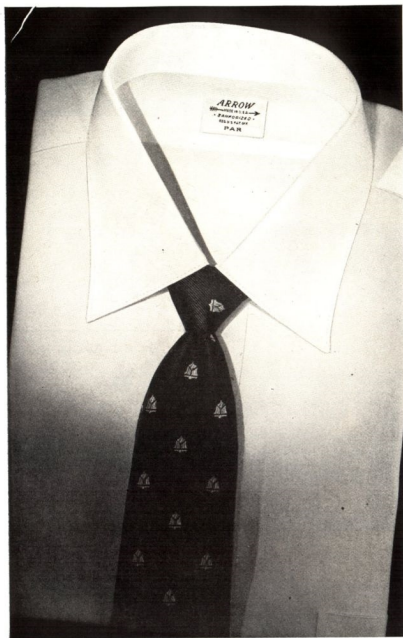
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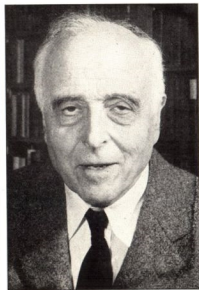
The soft spread collar with a Windsor knotted tie is a particularly smart style note. And there is no smarter, no more comfortable shirt than the popular Arrow Par. Button or French cuffs. \$3.95, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW
 —————
WHITE SHIRTS

dent of Union Theological Seminary and onetime (1943-44) Moderator of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., has written *Communism Through Preaching* (Scribner; \$2.50), a short but striking book about the preaching sacrament of Protestantism—and how poorly a lot of Protestants understand it.

Currently, Dr. Coffin finds, there are few congregations which do not suffer from a surplus of "ministerial chat." "A talk on current events, or on some social evil, or on managing one's feelings, escaping one's worries, or overcoming fears, on 'integrating one's personality' . . . is hardly the vehicle for the personal approach of Almighty God eliciting adoration, trust and love."

What should a sermon be? To Dr. Coffin, a sermon "exalts God in Christ for worship that He may enter into personal fellowship with listeners." This is no fig-



Maurey Garber
AUTHOR COFFIN
 A monstrosity for Protestants.

ure of speech. Preaching is the essence of Protestantism. By hearing the Word preached, and receiving it with faith, Protestants get the Divine grace which Roman Catholics believe can come only through receiving Sacraments.

No true preaching is possible without the Bible. "It is no pulpit convention," writes Dr. Coffin, "which requires a text from Scripture. It is the effort to recapture for our messages today the supreme quality of revealing God."

The Fringes & the Weary. "To how many of us," he adds, "both in pulpit and pew, might the question be put: 'Received ye the Holy Spirit when ye believed?' . . . Our congregation might reply: 'The Holy Spirit—why that is what they talk about in the fringe sects, not in proper congregations affiliated with the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.' Yes, and that is perhaps one reason why these fringe sects keep springing up in place after place." Along with the

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fringe sects (and the founders of Protestantism). Presbyterian Coffin believes that the Spirit may and must come to those who preach His Word and hear it.

Dr. Coffin blames many ministers for making their sermons exhortations, instead of attempted acts of grace. "The curse of our pulpit is its bald moralism. The ambassador of Christ forgets his embassy, says next to nothing of the Master he is representing, and spends his time telling those before him what they ought to be and to do..."

"Movements, crusades, campaigns, missions have filled the horizon. One sometimes wonders what there has been in public worship for the very large number of persons who were in no position to participate in these strenuous efforts... Our Lord's gracious invitation to 'the weary and heavy laden' has not been prominent in American preaching..."

The Pitfalls & the Miracle. Even after a minister has mastered the fact that preaching should be an act of grace, Dr. Coffin admits, there are many technical pitfalls. Wide and averagely educated audiences must be held by simple, graphic language. ("A minister has to expurgate his vocabulary of... words... such as 'expurgate.'") A good way to learn: try preaching to children or casual audiences. ("Nothing would be more educational for most ministers than to be asked to address chance audiences on street corners.") At the same time, warns Preacher Coffin, there are all too few pulpits today which can satisfy "educated and mature listeners."

Concludes Dr. Coffin: "A few skillfully chosen words—thoughts clearly in line with the mind of Christ—a man speaking earnestly of that which has mastered him, and there is something heard that all men with ears recognize as Divine. Think what it means: it is the power of letting God become manifest."

The Religion of Senators

Members of the upper house of the 83rd Congress, judging by statistics, are a pretty religious lot. After a quick check of the records (*Congressional Directory*, denominational headquarters, etc.), the National Council of Churches announced that only one Senator[®] has no "reported religious affiliation." The creedal complexities of the others:

Methodist	19
Baptist	13
Episcopal	13†
Presbyterian	12
Roman Catholic	9
Congregational	7
Lutheran	5
"Protestant"	5
Disciples of Christ	4
Unitarian	2
Latter-Day Saints	2
Latter-Day Saints, Reorganized	1
Jewish	1
Society of Friends	1
Christian Scientist	1

® Republican William Langer of North Dakota.

† Including California's newly appointed Senator Thomas Kuchel, named after the Council's count was made.

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*Reader's Digest
January, 1950

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MEDICINE

Covering the Brain

The doctors were making progress last week in their effort to give a normal brain covering to Rodney Dee Brodie, one of the 15-month-old Siamese twins who were born joined at the tops of their skulls. For the second time since the operation which separated them (TIME, Dec. 29), Plastic Surgeon Paul W. Greeley was busy with skin grafts. First, he had taken skin from Rodney's forehead and moved it back to cover part of the open brainpan. Now he set about taking skin from the baby's back to cover his forehead.

Each operation lasted two hours or more, and each time Rodney stood it well. This week, he was again taking cereal by spoon, holding his own bottle, and playing pat-a-cake. One-fourth of his brain still had only its natural covering of parchment-like dura mater. That would mean another operation soon. And eventually he would have to have a hard top (bone, metal or plastic) for his skull. But the University of Illinois doctors were already so encouraged by Rodney's progress that they had let his special nurses go.

His twin, Roger, gave no such hopeful signs. He was in a deep coma, barely staying alive on an ounce of formula every half-hour by a tube through the nose. The doctors could not be sure what minute might be his last.

Disease Detectives

The hundreds of Camp Fire Girls, aged eight to 16, who thronged the four camps around Lake Vera in the foothills of California's Sierra Nevada had a wonderful time. They hiked through the pinewoods, splashed in the little lake, cooked and slept outdoors. Along with unburned necks and scraped knees, most of them got a few mosquito bites. They were used to that. And after 1,500 girls had scattered to their homes, a few got sick. That was natural, too.

But in August, Director Alexander Langmuir of the U.S. Epidemic Intelligence Service got an alarming phone call in his Atlanta office. It was from the California Department of Public Health. Three of the Camp Fire Girls had come down with malaria, and there was no telling how many more of the 1,500 might have been infected. Somebody had to check all the families and warn hundreds of doctors who normally would never suspect malaria in an area which has been free of it for a dozen years. But the state's health officials were already swamped with work from an outbreak of encephalitis in the Central Valley (TIME, Aug. 25). Could Dr. Langmuir help?

He could, and promptly did. Senior Scientist Roy Fritz (who is working for a Ph.D. in entomology) and Nurse Albina Bozym flew west. For weeks they worked from early morning till late at night, checking on the Camp Fire Girls' recent illnesses. They found six more cases of malaria. The girls must have been infected

at Lake Vera. Mosquitoes trapped there proved to be the disease-carrying kind. But who took the malaria there to begin with?

For a while the disease detectives seemed to be up against a blank wall. After almost a month, they got a break. The owner of a house near the camp asked a neighbor casually: "Wasn't it too bad about the malaria at the camp?" "Yes," was the answer, "but he's all right now." "He?" "Yes—my son. He got malaria in Korea and had a relapse while he was visiting up here." As soon as this backyard chitchat was reported to Dr. Fritz, the puzzle was solved. The marine veteran of Korea got medical care, and spread the disease no more. The Lake Vera area was sprayed to kill off the last in-



John Zimmerman
Epidemiologist Langmuir
Around the campfire, mosquitoes.

fecting mosquitoes and leave the site safe for this year.

To the 32 disease detectives of the U.S. Public Health Service, the Lake Vera assignment was little out of the ordinary. In 1952 (its first full year of operation) the Epidemic Intelligence Service answered more than 200 calls for aid from local and state health officials. Dr. Langmuir reported last week. Proudly, he added: "I know of no case where it took more than 24 hours to answer a request." But usually disease was already ripe—in 18 outbreaks of infectious jaundice, eight each of poliomyelitis and encephalitis, and odd instances of rarer ills.

The most unusual epidemic of 1952, and in some ways the most frightening, said Dr. Langmuir, was an outbreak of anthrax among swine in Ohio. Anthrax (an often fatal disease, marked by a malignant carbuncle) might be spread by a foe in biological warfare. (In this case, the infection was traced to bone meal



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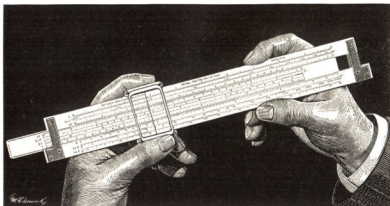
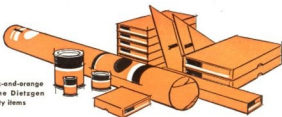


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from Belgium, where it had been transhipped from the Near East and the Far East.) But that also made the experience especially valuable for Dr. Langmuir's operators. Public health officials who have had a year's duty in the E.I.S. would be the best-equipped disease detectives if biological warfare should come.

Natural or Unnatural?

More than a century of medical progress designed to make childbirth a "more comfortable and happy event" is being slighted in the current craze for "natural childbirth," says a team of four Baltimore physicians. "It is no longer considered smart talk at the bridge table to discuss twilight sleep or painless labor," the doctors⁶ say in *Psychosomatic Medicine*. "The woman of the day is one who can vividly describe every last detail of her delivery, including the ecstasy of the unassisted expulsion of the placenta."

This sort of thing prompts the doctors to ask: "Is natural childbirth natural?"

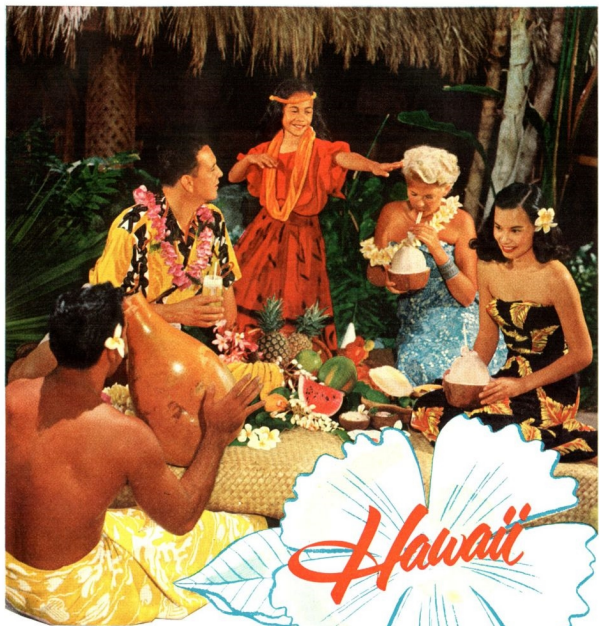
Up to a point, yes, they reply. Unreasonable and unfounded fear of labor pains undoubtedly makes the pains worse, so it is a good thing to get rid of the fear. The "natural childbirth" training prescribed for pregnant women by Britain's Dr. Grantly Dick Read helps to relax the patients, the Baltimoreans concede. They also grant that, as practiced by well-drilled specialists in the U.S., the method may do no great harm.

But the first thing to recognize, in the judgment of the Baltimore doctors, is that a good deal of pain is normal in childbirth. Secondly, the worst of the pain can be made more easily bearable by the use of drugs. If a woman knows that this will be done, she is not so likely to have unreasonable, exaggerated fear of the pain itself. Moreover, there is a further distinct problem: many women have deep-seated anxieties which have nothing to do with physical pain—e.g., fear of increased responsibility, loss of personal freedom, economic hardships and overcrowding of the home.

Worries of this kind, say the Baltimore researchers, can make childbirth more difficult if they are not treated properly. And, they are confident, the Read method is not the right way to treat them. On the contrary, it can mask them and make them worse.

The authors are amused by what they call Read's "psychological lobotomy," and by some of his recent claims, e.g., "Children who have been born according to the laws of nature will be evidence of its psychological value as they grow to maturity. It will be easy to recognize [them]." The Baltimoreans' conclusions: 1) "natural" childbirth, as peddled today, is nothing of the sort; 2) it can help some women to get by with smaller doses of pain-killing drugs; 3) its advantages are being so grossly exaggerated in "unbridled publicity" that tried & true methods are suffering unfairly by comparison.

⁶ Drs. Arthur J. Mandy, Theodore E. Mandy, Robert Farkas and Ernest Scher.

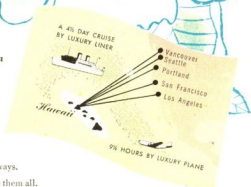


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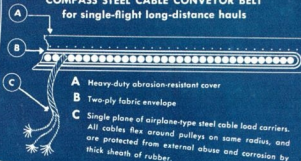
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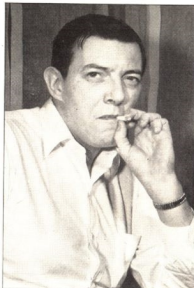
It's a Challenge to Champion!

The Champion Annual Report, shown above, is printed on *Kromschote* Cast Coated Paper. For your copy, write our Advertising Department, Hamilton, Ohio.

RADIO & TELEVISION

Gold Mine

Standing in a Manhattan bar one night last spring, Newsman Carey Wilber watched, with mounting amazement, the unfolding of a TV drama. When it was over, Wilber said to the bartender: "I can write stuff as good as that." The next day he bought a second-hand book entitled *The Television Program*. He read it on his way to Toronto, where he was working as a reporter on the *Globe and Mail*. Then he wrote a 30-minute TV script which was promptly bought by *Armstrong Circle Theater*. Last week another Wilber play, *The Fire Below and the Devil Above*, appeared on *Kraft Television The-*



Erica—European

SCRIPTWRITER WILBER

"Get two characters in a mess..."

ater. It was the 18th TV drama he has sold in the past eleven months.

Just Like Captions. Television and 36-year-old Carey Wilber seem made for each other. Though he has spent 17 years as a newsman and is still starry-eyed about the "romance of the fourth estate," he has never been more than a journeyman journalist. He has written a few short stories, but has never been able to sell any. He started a historical novel ("It was about a sad sack in the War of the Roses"), but couldn't finish it. Yet almost everything he writes for TV is snapped up by eager producers. It takes him as little as seven hours to do a 30-minute show, and he can turn out an hour-long drama in three days. The longest he has worked on a script has been two weeks, and Wilber thinks it is significant that it is one of the few still unsold.

Wilber quit his Toronto job ten months ago. He lives and works in an off-Broadway hotel, equipped with a rented TV set and a rented typewriter. His formula is simplicity itself: "I think of the pictures

I need to tell a story and then arrange them in the sequence I think best—from there on it's just like working on the copy desk and writing captions for a picture." His plots are equally simple: "I get two characters going and I put them in a mess, and then they write the show themselves."

Klondike Vein. A Wilber TV play is often spiced with Spillane-type violence: a flogging or a torture scene or a near-lynching. His heroines are outright symbols of purity, his villains are double-dyed, his heroes are properly heroic. A TV producer describes the typical Wilber melodrama as "a handling of clichés that somehow keeps the viewer from realizing he's watching clichés." Wilber's favorite author is Jack London but, he admits, "I've never read much of London or anyone else." He has seen only one stage play in his life (*The Male Animal*). He is so innocent of the theater that he called one of his TV shows *The Cherry Orchard* and was flabbergasted to learn that a writer named Chekhov had beaten him to the title by almost half a century. For backgrounds, Buffalo-born Wilber draws heavily on his own experiences and on stories he has heard during his tours of duty on such papers as the old *Buffalo Times* (where he started as a copy boy), the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, *Milwaukee Journal*, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, and as a stringer for Alaska's *Ketchikan Chronicle* and *Anchorage Times*.

His Alaska visit in 1946 gave Wilber the material for two of his best scripts, *A Long Night in Forty Mile* and *Two Pale Horsemen*. Alaska also gave him a touch of gold fever. He does not think of TV writing as a lifework. What he wants to do is make enough money to head back to the Klondike in style. He says, mysteriously: "I know of a lost vein on a ridge between the Chitana and the Cosna Rivers. I'm going to go back there and dig it out."

The New Shows

Douglas Fairbanks Presents (Wed. 10:30 p.m., NBC-TV) is a filmed drama series made in Britain with a high professional polish. But the competence of the first show, a playlet dealing with an insurance agent falsely accused of murder and attempted rape, was overshadowed by the glossy commercials delivered in pear-shaped tones by Douglas Fairbanks Jr. himself, and including asides on the Magna Carta and the American Revolution, and the suggestion that the international set is rapidly abandoning pink champagne in favor of the more dizzying delights of Rheingold beer.

One Man's Experience (weekdays, 11:45 a.m., Du Mont) puts Shakespeare to work writing soap opera. The idea is terrible, but the execution is impressive. Actor Jack Manning, in modern dress and using few props, pretends to be Hamlet's ghost come back to earth to tell about the dark doings at Elsinore. He opens each



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Dermatologists, while differing as to causes of baldness, say that the condition characterized by excessive dandruff does frequently lead to baldness.

Seborrhea

Dandruff commonly arises from a disease of the scalp called *seborrhea*. Many leading dermatologists say that a causative agent of seborrheic dandruff is a tiny parasite called the *Spore of Malassez*—also known as *Pityrosporum Ovale*. In most men who have it, seborrhea progresses through three stages:



1ST STAGE
Spores of Malassez

1. Dry white scales flake off your scalp, drop to your shoulders.
2. Moist, sticky scales appear on scalp. In many cases, hairs begin to die.
3. "Choking" of hair roots with fatty substance from glands, dead cells and dirt may occur. Result is increasingly "thin" hair, often baldness.

A scalp hygiene program: the Kreml Method

Watch your general health; if you're "run down," see your doctor. Apart from that—give your hair and scalp the right kind of care. Here is an easy-to-follow home program—the Kreml Method of scalp hygiene—used professionally by leading barbers and hairdressers:



2ND STAGE
Bacilli may be present.

TODAY, get a bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic. And make sure you have a good shampoo on hand. TONIGHT, start the Kreml Method of treatment. Shake Kreml Hair Tonic generously on to your head. Massage your scalp vigorously.

Next, apply shampoo. Work up a thick lather—without putting any water on your head. Now, rinse with water.



Dandruff on shoulders is excessive dandruff... a sign your scalp needs care.

Lather again. Rinse. Dry your hair thoroughly. Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—massage it in—comb hair in place.

Tomorrow morning—and every morning: Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—rub it in—comb hair in place. Kreml Hair Tonic contains just enough oil to hold your hair the way you like it. There's no greasy, plastered-down appearance.

Improvement in condition of hair and scalp should come quickly. In more



3RD STAGE Bacilli shown may be present. Hair growth may be affected.

stubborn cases, repeat the Kreml-and-shampoo treatment as necessary.

Inhibits growth of bacilli

There is no known permanent "cure" for seborrheic dandruff. But certain ingredients of Kreml Hair Tonic DO inhibit the growth of bacilli and of the Spores of Malassez. The Kreml Method is not offered as a substitute for the services of a dermatologist—but it has helped thousands of men. Letters tell us so!

Money-back offer. Try the Kreml Method faithfully, and if you are not entirely satisfied, write The J.B. Williams Company, Clantonbury, Conn. Enclose Kreml label—tell us what you paid—and we will gladly refund your money.

Get Kreml Hair Tonic today. And we recommend our Kreml Shampoo. See how quickly the Kreml Method makes your head feel better and look better!

Kreml Hair Tonic

show with a summary of the action that has gone on before and, using conversational bridges to explain the action, has a fine time getting his histrionic teeth into Hamlet's big speeches.

You're Another

The Cleveland News last week ran a front-page box score of radio & TV criminality. Like alarmed citizens across the country, the News sternly called on sponsors to give "greater attention to the emotional effect of their programs on youngsters."

For once, radio & TV men refused to take it lying down. Manager James Hanrahan of television station WEWS-TV retorted: "We haven't a single episode as gory as Dick Tracy in the Cleveland News." Charles Day, news director of radio station WGAR, joined in by pointing to the full newspaper coverage of a recent paternity case. Day said, virtuously, that "no Cleveland station touched that kind of material, for our standards of news coverage frowns on it. Before self-chosen newspaper critics start cleaning house elsewhere, let them look into their own papers."

At week's end, even the News's own columnist, Ed McAuley, was doing some soul-searching. "Newspapers live their shoddiest hours in the time of such court trials as the [recent] paternity case... Newspapers frankly appeal to the lowest expressions of human curiosity—the desire to know what goes on in other people's bedrooms... Its effect on others—especially the young—may be incalculably harmful."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 16. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Capitol Cloakroom (Fri. 10 p.m., CBS). Interviews with eight freshmen Senators.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Mozart's *Violin Concerto in G Major*. Soloist: Belgium's Arthur Grumiaux.

Lux Radio Theater (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). William Holden in *Appointment with Danger*.

Presidential Inauguration (Tues. 11:30 a.m., all radio & TV networks).

Inaugural Ball (Tues. 11 p.m., all radio & TV networks). From Uline Arena and Washington Armory.

Farewell Address (Thurs. 10:30 p.m., all radio & TV networks). Ex-President Truman's report to the nation.

TELEVISION

Omnibus (Sun. 4:30 p.m., CBS). Starring Bert Lahr and Bobby Clark.

Television Playhouse (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Cyril Richard in *Two for One*.

Video Theater (Mon. 8 p.m., CBS). Corinne Calvet in *Ti Babette*.

Hollywood Opening Night (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Ezio Pinza in *Interlude*.

Boxing (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Kid Gavilan v. Vic Cardell.

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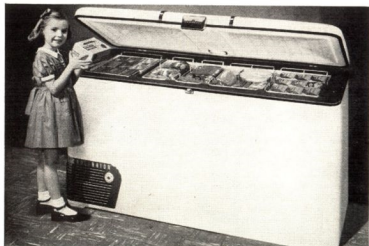
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THE PRESS

Young & Old

How old is "old"? Last week in his *Weekly Log*, Associated Press Executive Editor Alan J. Gould, 54, answered this question for A.P. men. "To a young reporter in his 20s," says the *Log*, "a man of 55 is probably old, but to a veteran on the desk . . . it is just the prime of life." To keep reports more uniform in the future, Gould proposes that A.P. men "consider a man youthful until he's 35, in middle age from 35 to 65, and thereafter eligible for an old-age pension." Added Gould: "Nearing our own 55th milestone makes us no less sensitive to the importance of discriminating use of the adjective 'old' in or out of the news report."

Case Against the Star

"The only justified monopoly," the founder of the Kansas City (Mo.) *Star* was fond of saying, "is the monopoly of excellence." By trying to practice this maxim advocated by Founder William Rockhill Nelson, the 72-year-old evening *Star* (circ. 361,226), together with its morning edition, the *Times* (353,202), has built a monopoly reaching into 96% of all Kansas City homes, and stretching into communities on both the Kansas and the Missouri sides of the Missouri River. Like the county clerk's office, the *Star* has become such a public institution that it dutifully prints news items on every death and wedding submitted. Neither does the *Star* ever pass up a local story about children, dogs or retiring locomotive engineers, though it still dislikes mentioning snakes, freaks or malignant diseases because "newspapers are read at the breakfast and dinner tables."

The *Star* is also unusual because it is owned by its employees, who bought it in 1926 for \$11 million after Founder Nelson died. Bonhomious, 250-lb. *Star* President Roy A. Roberts, 65, owns 8% of the stock, and is a political power both in Missouri and Kansas. *Star* readers take his politicking, notably for Eisenhower, as much for granted as they do the paper's old-fashioned, low-keyed front page, where big headlines are a rarity.

"Vindictive Action." Last week the *Star* used one of its front-page headlines for a story about itself: THE U.S. ACCUSES THE STAR. *Star* President Roberts and Advertising Director Emil A. Sees were indicted on antitrust charges. The *Star*, charged the Government, had forced advertisers to 1) put more ads than they wanted in the *Star* and *Times* to get any space at all, 2) buy ads on its TV & radio stations or suffer rate penalties in the papers, and 3) take ads in morning, evening and Sunday papers as a unit. Furthermore, said the Government, the *Star* forced subscribers to buy the three papers, instead of offering the papers individually. The Government also charged that when the Kansas City *Journal-Post* died in 1942, the *Star* helped prevent a new paper from moving in by buy-

ing its equipment, then jacked up its own subscription price.

As soon as the indictment was handed down, it was criticized in the Senate by Kansas' Republican Frank Carlson, who saw more politics than justice in the Justice Department's suit. Said Carlson: "Those of us who are somewhat familiar with the campaign of the Kansas City *Star* against the Pendergast machine . . . could well anticipate this vindictive action on the part of the President."

Fact-Packed Answer. Roberts himself fired back at Justice with a fact-packed salvo against each charge. "We give the subscriber a morning, evening and Sunday edition for one price [40¢ a week]," said Roberts. "That service was started . . . by [the] founder of



Earl Hense—Kansas City *Star*
ROY ROBERTS

He made his own headlines.

the *Star* [and] has never been challenged until now." Roberts argued that there is no coercion on advertisers and that the paper's ad rate for all editions, even if applied to only one edition, "would still be lower than the average advertising rate of the major newspapers in the country."

As for buying up the *Journal-Post* equipment, the *Star* bought only a few scattered pieces, which were auctioned off three years after the paper folded. The increase in the paper's price, said Roberts, came at a time when the *Star*—like every U.S. paper—was raising its daily price to meet such increased costs as a near tripling in the price of newsprint, 185% increase in its labor bill and a 265% tax hike. Roberts bitterly recalled two other cases in which the Government and the *Star* were involved. During the late 1930s, the *Star* finally began to slam away at the corrupt Pendergast machine, which had given Truman his start in politics. The FBI moved

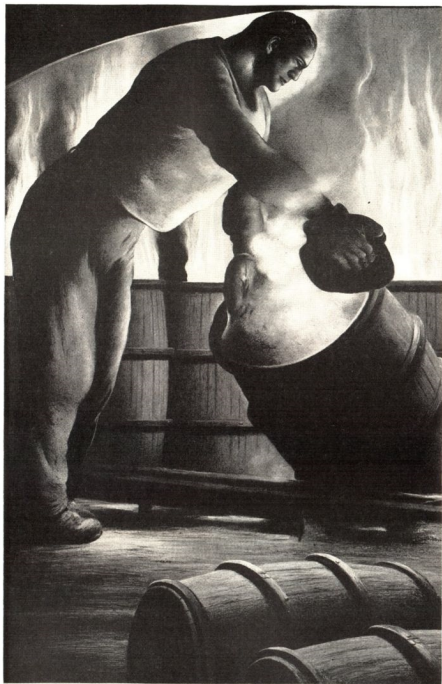
A quarter-inch of toast

The name of the man who first charred the inside of a whiskey barrel is lost in history. But as it turned out, he gave us the priceless key to aging fine whiskey.

You see, in charring a barrel, a thin layer of reddish-brown wood is formed underneath the char — not burned, just toasted. The aging action centers here. It is this quarter-inch of toast that is essential in giving the whiskey its gleaming amber color, heady bouquet and mellow smoothness.

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But even their skilled work is rigidly inspected. That's part of the network of quality controls which guards the goodness of Schenley whiskies—from the time the grain is grown till — years later—the whiskey is in your glass. It's Schenley's way of making certain that you get the utmost enjoyment in every drop of every drink. *Schenley Distillers, Inc., New York, N.Y. ©1953*



Nature's
unhurried goodness

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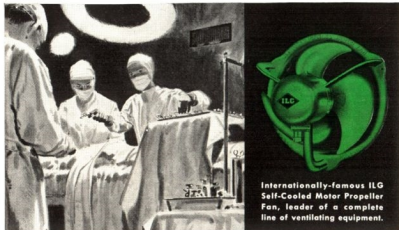
Schenley's
unmatched skill

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The best-tasting
whiskies in ages

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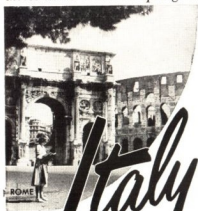
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Bankers, Architects, College Professors, Government Officials, Business Executives... and the 1,700,000 families like yours from Coast to Coast.

in, and 259 politicians were found guilty of vote fraud and ballot-box stuffing. In 1946, the *Star* again struck at the Pendergast machine. But this time, said Roberts, under the Truman Administration the FBI came in only after the evidence had been destroyed in a mysterious explosion and conviction was impossible.

The Government's case against the *Star* is similar to the antitrust suit (TIME, June 9) it won against the unit ad rate used by the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* (and some 170 other U.S. dailies). Even if the verdict against the *Times-Picayune* is upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court, Roberts expects to fight the *Star's* case right up to the top. Said he: "There will be no effort... to quash or delay the antitrust indictment."



EDITOR MARSHALL
And then there were none.

Dissenter Eliminated

As America's oldest liberal weekly, the 87-year-old *Nation* (circ. 33,329) once spoke in a commanding voice for left-wing intellectuals in the U.S. But recently the *Nation* has been under attack by some of its old friends and contributors, as an apologist, in many ways, for the Soviet Union (TIME, April 2, 1951 et seq.).

Last week Editor Freda Kirchwey fired the last top editor who opposed the *Nation's* pink-eyed views. In announcing a plan to shave about \$40,000 a year off her money-losing budget, she let it be known that Literary Editor Margaret Marshall, who has been on the *Nation* for 24 years, would be dropped for "economy" reasons. Although Editor Kirchwey insisted that there were no political motives in the firing, Editor Marshall said: "I have been eliminated... My department was out of line with the rest of the magazine... I have not believed the policies of the *Nation* for the past few years are the policies America's oldest liberal weekly should have."

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THIS EXCITING BUILDING houses the radio and television studios of Station WCAU of Philadelphia, Pa. Here, large panels of Solex were utilized in creating this veritable "house of glass." Solex is ideal for such large structures because it transmits about three-fourths of the total solar light, but absorbs at least half the total solar heat. This means more comfortable interiors; greater protection for delicate equipment. Architects: The Austin Co., Roselle, N. J.; Robert Montgomery Brown, Philadelphia, Pa.

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ART



FRENCH FIGURINES ON PARADE
Also the rape of the Sabine women.

Mme. F. Mélayeur

"It's Tremendous"

The sign on the bathroom door was underlined in uncompromising red: "Please keep door shut. Keep out of this room—and I mean it. KEEP OUT—H.L." The initials stood for Harold Lloyd, filmdom's famed funnyman, but this time Funnyman Lloyd was not joking—at least not out loud. At 58, he has turned serious part-time artist, and he was about to hold his first one-man show. No one could blame him for being protective about the 40-odd paintings cached away in one of the bathrooms of his 22-room Beverly Hills mansion.

Painter Lloyd concentrates on color. "We live in a world of color," he says. "It's a tremendous study." Lloyd has gone at color like a salmon after a fly; he has spent months interviewing experts, thumbing all the books he can find on color theory, collected and catalogued samples of every hue of paint manufactured in the U.S. and abroad. He began by working out color harmonies of his own on swatches of canvas, finally switched to painting.

The results are as bright as rainbows, and just as vague. "I don't give a damn about drawing," says Lloyd. He smears, brushes, or just ladles paint on canvas with a pancake flipper.

Lloyd never consciously draws a figure or a scene, but objects occasionally turn up in his work. Sometimes the image is a dragon's head; other times the effect is of a vine-covered jungle, a gloomy peat bog, or a procession of dancing elves. "I start painting 90% of the time without any idea," says Lloyd. "Eventually it suggests something." He avoids titles: "If I call it a 'Burning Tower,' right away I'm keeping people from using their own imagination. If you like the color forms, that's what pleases me. Then it's a success."

Nervously waiting for the show's opening this week, Artist Lloyd had no idea what kind of artist he should call himself—expressionist? abstractionist? or what? Frank Perls, owner of the Beverly Hills gallery where Lloyd's work will be shown, has it all figured out. "Just as Rousseau was a primitive impressionist," he announced, "Lloyd is a primitive abstractionist, completely natural and undisturbed by the art of the past."

Don't Say "Toy Soldier"

The most serious collectors of toy soldiers in the world have a club of their own—and bristle at the words "toy soldier." They are the members of Paris' Society of the Collectors of Historical Figurines, and they see nothing juvenile or toylike about their speciality. Far from it. To the devotee, each brightly painted hussar and mustachioed grenadier is an honest work of art, deserving the same patience and devotion in its creation as a Rodin statue.

The serious collector has whole regiments of infantrymen, squadrons of cavalry. Each must be perfect to the last detail: a handsome, 3-in. drummer in Louis XIV's army is done up in the flaming red, orange and white uniform of the period, with every button, every bit of lace exactly in place. France's handful of craftsmen (among them: an old widow, an ex-jockey, a chef) will spend an entire week fashioning the body for such a figure, then modeling the uniform out of tin leaf. It takes 40 delicate soldering operations to make King Louis' drummer fit to pass muster and about \$30 hard cash to put him in a collector's cabinet.

Some collectors pay special prices for African tribal warriors, ancient Greeks or Roman legionaries. One specialist can

proudly assemble a dramatic tableau of the rape of the Sabine women. But mostly the Paris trade is in old soldiers of Louis XIII, XIV, XV and the First Empire.

Last week, as they do each month, members of the society met to read learned papers, look at each other's new acquisitions, and maybe swap a few soldiers. Since 1931, the society's total membership (resident and nonresident) has grown to more than 400. Among the nonresidents: Selden Chapin, U.S. Ambassador to The Netherlands. Recently the society admitted ten Germans for the first time since the war. Conceded a French member: "They know a lot about uniforms and soldiers."

Instinct at 82

"The hurricane has just hit," wrote John Marin after a big blow in 1944. "The Seas are Glorious—Magnificent—Tremendous—God be praised that I have yet the vision to see these things." Watercolorist Marin, then almost 74, was spending his summer as usual on the Maine coast. Last week the wry, spry old master proudly showed the world that his vision is still as sharp as ever.

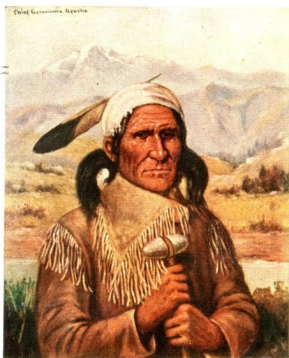
On view in a Manhattan gallery were 27 oils and watercolors, all done in 1952: autumn hillsides, foaming seas and cockleshell boats, apple blossoms, circuses. As usual, he had worked with a light brush: a few lines for a fishing boat, a scattering of calligraphic squiggles to capture the rolling anger of *The Written Sea*. And no matter how fluid the motion, each picture had the "balance" Marin strives for. "Think of the wonderful balance of squirrels," he says. "I like my pictures to have that kind of balance."

Manhattanites flocked to the show, eager to pay their respects and up to \$6,000 for a sample of the old man's magic. John Marin himself bobbed up for an hour to see how his pictures looked on the gallery wall, then hustled back to his paintboxes. At 82, he still tramps the countryside on good days, looking, studying, sketching. People sometimes ask him how he keeps his eye so clear and fresh. "I can't tell," he says. "It's mostly instinct."

FRONTIER WHO'S WHO

Henry Cross was a plump man who wore rimless spectacles, a chesterfield and a walrus mustache. He was also mighty adventurous. Born in upper New York State in 1837, he twice ran away with circuses, and at 16 made his way to Paris, where he learned animal painting from Rosa Bonheur. On his return, he went west with a circus, painting the animals and developing an interest in Indian life. Later he decorated circus wagons for P. T. Barnum, finally decided his life was too tame and set forth in search of savages.

Ranging far & wide throughout the Indian uprisings, Cross painted as he went. To do a proper job, he learned at least one Indian tongue (Sioux) and became a practiced frontiersman. Before his death in 1918, he created a pictorial Who's Who of the fierce, lost tribes of the West, along with a fat file of white scouts, explorers and fighters. The four Cross portraits on the following page are from a collection of 135 which is now owned by the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa. No less an authority than Buffalo Bill once praised the portraits as "striking likenesses . . . having been sketched from life by the greatest painter of Indian portraiture of all times."



FAMED GERONIMO, AS SEEN BY HENRY CROSS



SIoux CHIEF RED CLOUD & BURNING HEART



KIT CARSON, THE DEAD EYE, DAREDEVIL PALEFACE



Thomas Gilcrease Collection
NAVA, NAVAHO SCOURGE OF THE SOUTHWEST

The boy who put the world on wheels

The boy was ten years old, slim as a buggy-whip and quick as a cricket. He had a passion for machinery. He tinkered with all the clocks in the old white clapboard farmhouse until they tock-tocked the right time.

One Sunday morning, after church, a neighbor took out his big gold hunting-case watch. He said: "Henry, can you fix my old turnip?" The boy found that a jewel was loose in the works; he joggled it back into place and the watch ran.

The neighbors around Dearborn began to bring him their ailing time-pieces. So young Henry Ford set up shop on a shelf in his bedroom, working nights after chores—in the spring to the fragrance of the farmyard lilacs, in the winter keeping warm with an oil lantern between his feet.

He ground a shingle nail down into a tiny screwdriver, made tweezers from his mother's corset-stays, and little files from knitting needles. All his life he tinkered watches, and never had to use a jeweler's eyeglass.

For he could almost see with his long thin steel-sprung fingers—the fingers of the hands that put a nation on wheels. His passion for machinery became an idea, and the power of that idea has rolled on through the years.

He learned how to run and fix and make every kind of machine there was. Then he began on the machine that wasn't—a horseless carriage.

In 1896, seven years before the founding of the Ford Motor Company, he trundled his first little two-passenger machine out into the alley back of Bagley Avenue in Detroit, and ran it around the block. It had two cylinders, four bicycle wheels and he steered it with a tiller, like a boat. He called it a "motor-wagon." Long since it has become a museum-piece, but it still runs—and it has had 36,000,000 descendants on the highways of the world.

His idea was to make a useful thing—as useful as possible, as low-priced as possible—a car for everyone. The Ford Motor Company was founded, on June 16, 1903, in the hope the world was ready for the idea.

This year is the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Ford Motor Company. To us this anniversary has one meaning above all others—it means that this is still the kind of world in which a farm boy's useful idea can gradually bring about a better way of life for millions of people.

Henry Ford brought only his idea, his car and his bare hands to the company fifty years ago. Then the pavements ended just outside the cities, in dust tracks. Now the American Road means far more than a vast network of highways. It is a symbol of a never-ending search for progress, peace and plenty for all mankind.

The Ford Motor Company, in celebrating its 50th Anniversary, is dedicated to one simple proposition; the best along that road is yet to be.



Ford Motor Company

Fifty Years Forward on The American Road

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY CARS • FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS



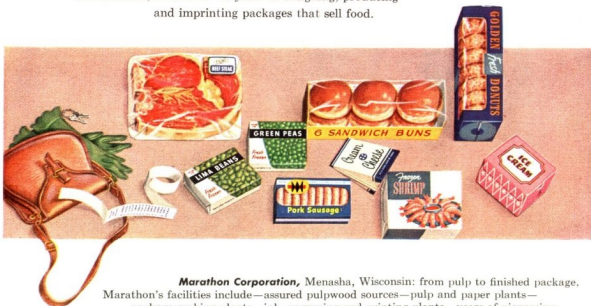



Norman
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The lady with the 18 billion dollar eyes!



No sales talk sways her judgment in the self-service store. It's her eyes, not her ears, that determine her selections. Food products in attractive packaging, brand labels in brilliant colors, catch her eye . . . open her purse. For a bigger share of America's annual \$18,106,000,000 self-service food store business, look to your packaging. And look to Marathon, leaders for 40 years in designing, producing and imprinting packages that sell food.



Marathon Corporation, Menasha, Wisconsin: from pulp to finished package, Marathon's facilities include—assured pulpwood sources—pulp and paper plants—package-making plants—ink, engraving and printing plants—years of pioneering research, creative design and merchandising experience. 

 **Marathon** Corporation
packaging that sells food

EDUCATION

In Place of Excellence

Professor Joseph Wood Krutch of Columbia University is willing to agree that this is the Age of the Common Man. But that does not mean that he approves. The trouble is, says Krutch in the current *Saturday Review*, the Age of the Common Man is rapidly becoming the Age of the Common Denominator.

"When we make ourselves the champion of any particular group," says Krutch, "we almost inevitably begin to idealize that group. From defending the common man we pass on to exalting him, and we find ourselves beginning to imply, not merely that he is as good as anybody else, but that he is actually better. Instead of demanding only that the common man be given an opportunity to become as uncommon as possible, we make his commonness a virtue . . .

"The logical extreme of this opinion would be the conviction that any deviation in either direction from the statistical average is unadmirable . . . We are . . . more inclined to boast how many Americans go to college than to ask how much the average college education amounts to; how many people read books rather than how good the books are . . . Argue, as I myself have argued, that more can be learned about almost any subject from ten minutes with a printed page than from half an hour with even one of the better educational radio programs and you will be met with the reply: 'Perhaps. But so many more people will listen to the radio.' . . .

"Unfortunately, the fanatical exaltation of the common denominator has been taken up . . . by those who are supposed to be educators and intellectual leaders. Instead of asking, 'What would a good education consist of?', many professors of education are asking, 'What do most college students want?' . . . Examination papers are marked, not in accordance with any fixed standard, but in accordance with a usual level of achievement; the amount of work required is fixed by the amount the average student does; even the words with which the average student is not familiar are edited out of the books he is given to read . . .

"The ideal now persistently held before the American citizen from the moment he enters kindergarten . . . is a kind of conformity more or less disguised under the term 'adjustment.' 'Normality' has almost completely replaced 'Excellence' as an ideal. It has also rendered all but obsolescent such terms as 'Righteousness,' 'Integrity,' and 'Truth.' The question is no longer how a boy ought to behave but how most boys do behave; not how honest a man ought to be but how honest men usually are . . ."

Salvation is possible, "but [not] . . . if the desire for excellence has been lost . . . There is not really anything undemocratic about either the desire for, or the recognition of, excellence."

The Viewdents

In Baltimore one morning last week, a ten-year-old boy named Billy settled himself down before his family's TV set. After he stretched out on the floor, he dashed off a letter to the superintendent of schools. "Dear Doctor Lemmel," he wrote, "I like to do my school work at home. Because we do not get as much work . . . Another reason is then I can get a drink of water or be excused when I want to." With that chore out of the way, young Billy started his school day. All he had to do was to turn the TV knob to channel 11.

Billy was not the only such Baltimore pupil. Just after New Year's, 300 school janitors, firemen and custodians had gone

storms nor strikes need ever again keep U.S. children out of school.

Actually, the Baltimore incident was merely one chapter in the story of education and TV. Though U.S. educators may never be ready to take over the 247 channels that the FCC allotted them last year, many have at least begun to take TV seriously. Today 90 colleges and universities, as well as 65 school systems, produce their own shows. Some recent examples:

¶ The Johns Hopkins Science Review for the last four years has broadcast faculty lectures on everything from the atom to the psychology of fear.

¶ The University of California's 13-week course in child psychology was one of the first telecourses to be given for academic credit.

¶ The University of Michigan's courses in general education have covered such sub-



BALTIMORE PUPILS WATCHING TV LESSON
Just turn the knob.

Associated Press

on strike, and 123 heatless schools had been forced to close down. For 80,000 of the city's 130,000 students, the strike might have meant a long extra holiday. But General Manager D. L. (Tony) Provost of station WBAL-TV got an idea.

With the help of the superintendent, he and his staff mapped out a complete set of morning programs to fill the place of school. The city's two other stations joined in. Within three days, the programs were ready to go on the air. WBAL-TV took care of the elementary grades, with classes in science, art and spelling (commented one little "viewdent": "Miss Wagner said to write 'Baltimore' three times . . . I only wrote it twice"). WAAM-TV taught the junior and senior high-school courses in French, aviation, and the "Cultures of the Past." In the afternoon, WMAR-TV added a course in history. By week's end, as the striking janitors at last began to go back to work, Baltimore felt it had proved one thing: wherever TV exists, neither

jects as the study of the stars and the operation of the two-party system. In one semester, the university boasted a registration of 3,850 viewdents.

¶ Western Reserve's elaborate TV curriculum has given full-fledged credit courses in psychology, comparative literature and economics.

¶ Columbia University's "Seminar"—the most adult of all adult education programs—is actually a broadcast of a regular university class in American civilization.

Truant & Consequences

Manhattan's Public School 19 was a splendid new building, sporting the very latest gas-lamp fixtures, when Abraham Lincoln was campaigning in the neighborhood in 1860. Although its gaslights have long since been replaced, P.S. 19 still stands, somewhat the worse for nearly a century of students' wear & tear. Alongside a five-story addition built 61 years ago, the antique landmark is jammed by 1,000

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kindergarten-through-sixth-grade pupils. The children crowd through its dingy, narrow halls, must sometimes go down five flights of stairs to reach the toilets, which are all in the basement.

Lawyer Allen Murray Myers, new in the neighborhood, walked into P.S. 19 last September to register his nine-year-old daughter Shelley for the fall term. He was, he recalls, "shocked to tears." He promptly told New York City's board of education that he "would rot in jail myself first . . . before I would send my only child to that dump." Myers and his wife, who holds a New York state teacher's certificate, began tutoring Shelley at home in her prescribed subjects. Shelley's five hours of "classes" are held on every day that P.S. 19 is in session. Mrs. Myers claims her truant daughter is now "far ahead" of most fourth-graders.

The board of education is not totally unsympathetic about the Myers' little rebellion. Officials offered to let Shelley attend any of three newer schools, but the nearest was more than three traffic-cluttered miles away from their apartment. The Myers said no. Last week the inevitable showdown began. Haled into domestic relations court for violating the compulsory-education law, Attorney Myers outlined his test case. Said he: "We want to determine whether the . . . board . . . has a legal right to force parents to send their children to filthy, insanitary, crumbling schoolhouses that are a physical and mental hazard."

From two city employees he got some potent evidence in his defense. Testified a fire department inspector: P.S. 19 has gone 18 years without a fireman looking it over for possible hazards and violations. Also on the stand: a health department inspector with records showing that 21 sanitary-law infractions discovered in the school are listed as uncorrected.

The court, reserving a decision, told each party to file a brief next week. With a "backlog of deferred maintenance" of more than \$75 million on all its schools, the perennially short-funded board offered Allen Myers a bit of appeasement. Decrepit old P.S. 19, it announced, will be abandoned just as soon as a new school, now going up, is completed next summer.

The Experiment

About the first time any parent in Princess Anne, Md. heard about it was when one little boy returned home after an especially hard day in the seventh grade. "Mom," he announced, "I kissed eleven girls today." At first, the boy's mother paid little heed, but as her son began describing his exploits, she sat up and took notice. He had kissed eleven girls, said he, because his science class had been given over to a game of post office.

Within a matter of minutes, the mother was "having words" with the school principal. She soon found that hers was not the only complaint. Other parents, too, were wondering about that science class. What, they wanted to know, was Teacher Louis L. Pund trying to do?

Teacher Pund did not appear to be the



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These same high standards of quality make NBC the nation's leader in radio and television broadcasting. You can depend on RCA and RCA Victor trade marks as *guardians of quality*—sure guides to finer performance, dependability, better value and service.



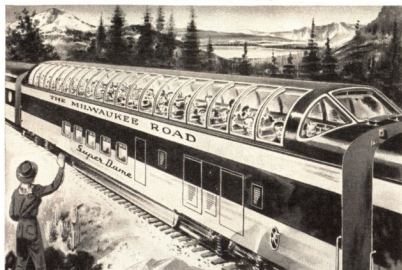
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Enjoy glorious panoramas of Wisconsin's lake-lands, the Dells, the rocky "driftless area" and the palisaded valley of the Mississippi. On the Olympian HIAWATHA, add Montana Canyon, the continental divide of the Rockies and Washington's forested Cascades.

The lower deck of the Super Dome car features a delightful Cafe Lounge where you can listen to the radio and enjoy a beverage or a snack. The entire car is open to all passengers. Ride with us—soon. Harry Sengstacken, The Milwaukee Road, 708 Union Station, Chicago 6.



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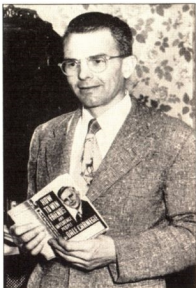
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sort who would go in for kissing games. A graduate of the Drexel Institute of Technology in Philadelphia, he was a mild-mannered man of 40, who claimed to have once been ordained a minister. Nevertheless, Pund obviously had his theories. "A lot of boys and girls," says he, "have inhibitions. I believed that post office would draw them out."

With that thought in mind, Pund began his experiment about a month ago, repeated it three different times. His class would elect a boy to retire to the cloak-room and there summon a girl to come out and be kissed. At first, Pund noted



Associated Press
TEACHER PUND
Kissing is a science.

that his students were shy, but gradually, he was glad to see, they began to loosen up. At the end of a month, his experiment seemed, from his point of view, a success. It became, says Pund proudly, "a very noisy game."

Last week, as he packed his bags to leave town, ex-Teacher Pund admitted that he knew there would be repercussions ("Everybody who is a little different is considered an eccentric"). But the repercussions in Princess Anne did not bother him much. His real ambition in life, said he, was to get a job with a jazz orchestra—playing the trumpet; "I hope never to have to teach again."

Refusal to Answer

After nearly a year's suspension and many stormy hearings, seven New York City schoolteachers were fired last week by unanimous (8 to 0) vote of the board of education. Two of them had denied that they were now members of the Communist Party, but refused to answer questions about their political past. The other five refused to answer any questions at all about present or past Red affiliations. Total New York City teachers dismissed since 1949 for similar tactics: 23. Resigned without a hearing: 62.



Blizzard victim

"You won't be able to get through tonight," the old storekeeper at the crossroads had warned him. "Better stay here. We've got a bed for you."

But he was in a hurry. No storm was going to stop him — not when he'd promised his youngsters he'd be home. So he started out.

This is where the man at the wheel of the big yellow grader found him in the morning. An emergency call brought the ambulance barreling over the recently plowed road. The doctor says he'll pull through.

The men who fight to keep our highways open all too seldom get the credit they deserve. The moment there's a storm warning, they're out on the job. They battle through bitter cold and giant drifts without rest until the last road is cleared. Partners with them in their struggle are versatile Caterpillar Diesel Motor Graders.

All year around, these sturdy yellow machines are the work horses of highway departments — removing snow in winter, building and maintaining roads in other seasons. Their versatility also makes them invaluable in other fields, both civilian and military. Wherever you see them at work, you see machines doing a good, honest job.

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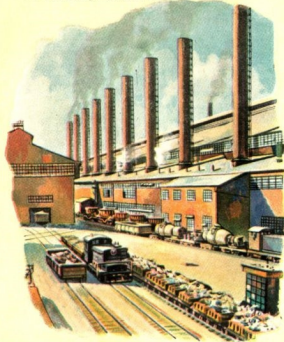
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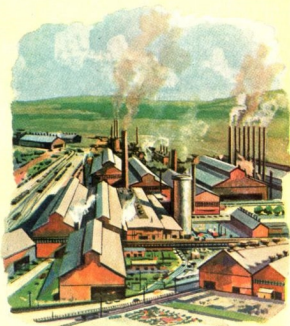


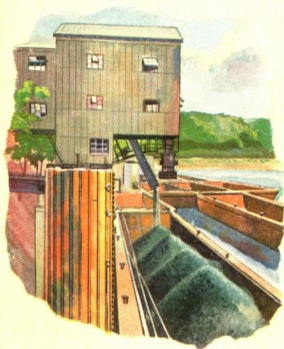
HANNA IRON ORE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio—Iron ore properties and mines in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. In addition, National Steel is participating in the development of the important new field in Labrador-Quebec, where great reserves will help to assure the future supply of iron ore—the basic ingredient of steel.

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NATIONAL MINES CORPORATION—Coal mines and properties in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky, supplying high grade metallurgical coal for National's tremendous needs. Recently, coal resources were further expanded by the acquisition of a substantial interest in two large mining operations in the Pittsburgh area.



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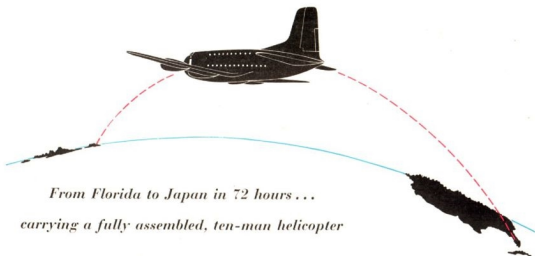
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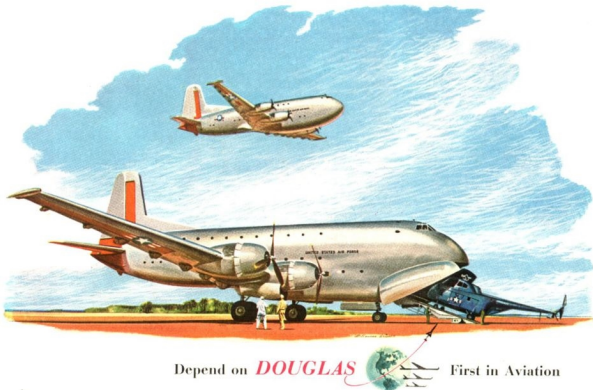
From the front lines in Korea last year came calls for a 10-man helicopter. The Air Force had some, but they were in Florida—9,000 miles away.

Normal air transport could make the flight in time, but tearing down a helicopter—reassembling it in Korea—would

waste a week. So the Air Force turned to a Douglas C-124 Globemaster, the flying giant that covers thousands of miles nonstop with a 25-ton payload. Globemaster opened its clam-shell doors and swallowed the helicopter whole, took off, and reached Japan in 72 hours.

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SCIENCE

Million-Year Prophecy

It takes a hardy man to predict the future of the human race for the next million years. Such a man is Charles Galton Darwin, 65, grandson of the late great Charles Robert (*The Origin of Species*) Darwin, and former Master of Christ College, Cambridge. His just-published book, *The Next Million Years* (Doubleday; \$2.75), is sugar-coated with flowing, donnish English, but it contains a bitter pill for people with faith in human progress. The ultimate future of the race, says Writer Darwin, will be much like its deplorable past.

Darwin is a theoretical physicist, but he invades sociological territory where many sociologists fear to tread. He bases



PROPHET DARWIN
Only one distant hope.

his reasoning about man's future on what is sometimes called "social physics": the idea that the behavior of humans in very large numbers can be predicted by the statistical methods that physicists use with large numbers of molecules.

Gloomy Prediction. Physicists know that the motions of single molecules (e.g., in a gas) are unpredictable. They may move fast or slow and zigzag in any direction. But the impacts of billions of gas molecules against a restraining surface produce a steady push that obeys definite and rather simple laws. In the same manner, Darwin believes, the actions of individual humans are erratic and sometimes remarkable, but the behavior of large numbers of them over long periods of time is as predictable as the pressure of gas. All that is needed is to determine the basic, averaged-out properties of human "molecules."

In Darwin's view, the human molecules have one fundamental property that dom-

inates all others: they tend to increase their numbers up to the absolute limit of their food supply. This is the familiar thesis of Thomas Malthus, a senior contemporary of Grandfather Darwin whose gloomy predictions of starvation have haunted mankind for 150 years.

Grandson Darwin restates Malthus. Human increase, he says, is a "geometrical progression." The more it has increased, the faster it will increase in the future. Food supply, on the other hand, increases only "arithmetically" by simple addition. Fast increases do not add to its speed of increase.

The natural rate of increase of passably well-fed peoples, Darwin says, leads them to double their numbers every 100 years. To feed the doubled population, food production must be doubled too. Twice as much land must be cultivated or the old land must be made twice as productive. In the next century the population will double again, and the earth must produce four times as much food as it does now.

Darwin admits that present-day food production can be stepped up. He says, for instance, that a way of turning wood into human food would be a great forward step. The Germans used this very simple process on a large scale during World War II, and "wood molasses" for cattle feed has been produced in small quantities in the U.S.

End in Sight. But Darwin is not interested in such small details. On his chosen scale of 1,000,000 years they will not be important. Each laborious triumph in food production will only put off the evil day. The earth's population will double again, again and again. After ten centuries of well-fed doubling, it will have increased 1,024 times. In the unlikely event that the food supply will have kept pace, another mere thousand years of doubling will certainly bring the end. In the year 3953 A.D., the earth will be felt with people as thick as mold on a Camembert cheese, and they will need 1,000,000 times as much food as is produced today. "It is quite impossible," says Darwin, "for any arithmetical progression to fight against a geometrical progression." When arithmetic finally loses to geometry, human increase must stop. Most babies that are born will die from the ills of malnutrition before they manage further to replenish the earth.

This sort of reasoning is as old as Malthus, and Darwin knows the arguments that are commonly used against it. One of them is to point out that the earth's population has increased enormously since the time of Malthus, but that much of it is better fed now than it was then. His reply: humans have been living in a fleeting Golden Age that is due to the impact of science on transportation and agriculture. When the Golden Age is over (and its end is in sight), most of the earth's babies will again starve.

Another familiar anti-Malthusian argument is that modern methods of birth

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control can keep population down to manageable levels. This is actually happening in many nations, including some of those that are best fed. Perhaps such nations as India, where humans are multiplying rapidly, can be induced to do likewise.

A New Species? Grandson Darwin shakes his grey head over this hope. Birth control, he says, is possible biologically but not sociologically. In accordance with a kind of sociological Gresham's Law,⁹ the people who restrain their birth rate will be supplanted by those who do not. Backward but ambitious races are sure to defy the birth rules and increase deliberately at the cost of their prosperous, birth-restraining neighbors.

It would take drastic action by a strong world government, Darwin says, to limit the earth's population, and no strong world government is likely to last for more than a few centuries. As soon as it weakens even slightly, rebellious races or creeds will use the wombs of their women as weapons of social aggression.

Darwin's conclusion is that the human race will have all sorts of ups & downs, perhaps even some more temporary Golden Ages. But the philoprogenitive pressure of its sociological molecules will undo it in the end. No matter what science, government and religion try to do about population, humans will increase like fruit flies in a geneticist's breeding bottle. Stability will come only when starvation sets an impassable limit.

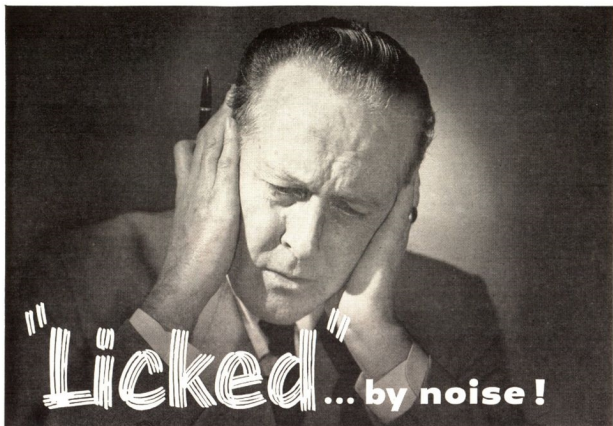
There is one distant ray of hope. By Darwin's reckoning, the average animal species continues for only about a million years without major change. After that time the human species, still very young, may have produced a new species. Perhaps the neo-humans will be able to keep their numbers adjusted to their food supply without the help of starvation.

Hottest Hot Spot

Nearly every up & coming laboratory now has a hot spot where radioactive material is handled with gingerly precaution. Hottest spot of this sort in any non-Government lab is the bottom of a water-filled tank at California's Stanford Research Institute, where a rod and four nesting cylinders of radioactive cobalt glow with a weird blue light. Together they weigh only 10 lbs. and they cost only \$22,500, but they give off as much radiation (4,500 curies) as \$80 million worth of radium. If their shielding water were to leak away, they would give a man a fatal dose of radiation in seven seconds.

The hot cobalt “source,” the most powerful yet released by the AEC, got its punch by soaking up neutrons for nearly eight months in the nuclear reactor at Brookhaven National Laboratory, Long Island. It traveled across the country in a two-ton lead container. Stanford researchers still look at their dangerous captive with some awe, but they intend to put it to practical work, such as sterilizing delicate substances (e.g., penicillin) that are damaged when sterilized by heat.

⁹ That bad currency drives out good.



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MUSIC

On the House

James Caesar Petrillo, boss of the A.F.M., announced last week that his union will pick up the tab for all the music at the inauguration, including the performances of such high-priced bands as Guy Lombardo, Fred Waring, Emil Coleman and Wayne King. "I think we're showing the people that even though we voted for Roosevelt and Stevenson we're going along with Ike, even though he is a Republican President . . . Ike is my friend."

A Song of Its Own

The Marines sing *From the Halls of Montezuma*, the Navy sings *Anchor's Aweigh*, the Air Force sings *Off We Go Into the Wild Blue Yonder*, but the nearest thing to an Army theme song is the old horse-artillery number, *The Caissons Go Rolling Along*—and few soldiers have seen a caisson since World War I.

Last year Army Secretary Frank Pace decided to find an "all-Army" song. He set up a civilian-manned Army song board (from ASCAP, B.M.I. and six record companies), and by last week some 700 tunesmiths had sent in their entries. The winning number: *The Army's Always There*, by Sam H. (*Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree*) Stept.

To a bouncy, football-rally tune, Stept had set some conventionally cheerful words. Sample:

*When there's trouble brewing anywhere,
You can bet the Army's always there;
Any place on earth we prove our worth,
Ready to do our share.*

In an effort to avoid offense, the song board softened one line. For "We may gripe and yell/ But we fight like hell" there is now an inoffensive alternate: "But we'll fight, fight, fight/ Fight with all our might." The song will have its official unveiling this week when Secretary Pace introduces it on Jane Froman's TV show. After that, the Pentagon will wait three months to see whether it catches on. If not, the song board will look around for another.

Mellowing Modernist

At 72, modernist Composer Ernest Bloch is resigned to the fact that he is quite an old man. He lives in semi-retirement at Agate Beach, Ore., gathering and polishing beach stones, gardening and caring for his mushrooms. He still composes regularly, but has unwrapped no major scores since his *Concerto Symphonique* three years ago. "I am no giant of a man like [78-year-old] Winston Churchill," he says.

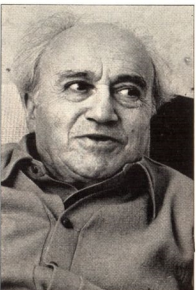
But last week Manhattan heard a new chip off the old Bloch, his *String Quartet No. 3*. It had much of the modernist vigour audiences have come to expect from Ernest Bloch, but listeners also caught a new air of mellowness and reflection.

Part of the mellow effect came from the devoted performance by London's

Griller Quartet, for which Bloch wrote the piece. It had its angry trills and thundering undertones, yet over the harshness always rode an affirmative melody. "It is quite natural that I do not react and write and write as I did at 20, 30, 40, or 50—when I was young," says Bloch.

Composer Bloch was uncertain about the reception of his quartet when the Grillers played it for him two months ago, but he need not have worried. The audience thoroughly approved, and the *New York Times's* Olin Downes called it the "strongest, the most concentrated [and the most] spiritually mature production of his lifetime." Bloch was not so sure: "I cannot say if it is my best quartet. Do you prefer a turkey or a duck?"

In any event, Bloch was not ready to



COMPOSER BLOCH
A turkey or a duck?

let the quartet stand alone as the only testament of his 72nd year. After finishing the quartet (in April), he wrote *Concerto Grosso No. 2 for Strings and String Quartet* (August) a *Sinfonia Breve* (December) and a brief *In Memoriam* (also December). At week's end, with an energy that Churchill might applaud, he was off to Rome to hear a revival of his 1910 opera, *Macbeth*.

Close the Eyes

Paul Badura-Skoda's music had been spinning off phonographs for two years before he decided to take a personal whirl at a U.S. concert tour. Last week, after performances in 16 other cities, the young (25) Viennese pianist made his Manhattan debut.

The audience came close to breaking all records for a debut; some 1,500 listeners crowded into Town Hall. Most of them were there because they had heard some of the pianist's 26 recordings (Westminster)



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of classical concertos, sonatas and ensemble music, Badura-Skoda gave them some honest, sensitive musicmaking, too conscious of European piano traditions to be very exciting, but with passages of rare expressiveness. His performance was well above the average of the 50-odd novices who bow every year.

Badura-Skoda began playing the piano when he was six, but almost decided on a career in mathematics and physics before he heard famed Pianist Edwin Fischer play eight years later. From that moment he was determined to become a musician. His stepfather,* a furniture dealer in Vienna, saw what was happening, and did his best to help the boy along.

When the Nazis were about to draft young Paul into a labor corps (rebuilding bomb-prone factories), Skoda assured the head of Vienna's Academy of Music that a (fictitious) letter of recommendation was



Marting Holmes

PIANIST BADURA-SKODA A letter from Hermann.

coming "any day" from Hermann Göring; Paul was accepted by the academy. Before the next summons came, Paul was already lodged with a friendly farm-workers' corps near Vienna; he did most of his digging in the scores of Mozart and Beethoven. He gave his first recital in Vienna four years ago, then gradually began to make his name as a soloist and chamber musician.

Badura-Skoda realizes that his U.S. record reputation has given him a unique advantage over most other musicians his age, but he still prefers to play for live audiences. "Recording studios are so cold," he says, "and it is always a pleasure to be liked." Town Hall liked him fine, but some listeners made a discovery: Badura-Skoda sounded more like Badura-Skoda when they closed their eyes.

* Badura, his father, died when Paul was four months old. His stepfather is named Skoda (no kin to the Czech munitions family), and the pianist uses both names.



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Bargain Days

U.S. merchants always expect a big let-down after the big Christmas rush. But last week they reported that the New Year's business had started off much bigger than they had dared expect. In some places (e.g., Detroit, Houston), stores reported sales running 15% to 23% higher than a year ago; for the U.S. as a whole, retail dollar volume was up 5%.

In actual goods sold, the rise was still bigger, for prices had been slashed right & left to clean out inventories for spring merchandise. For the first time in years, January white sales had the look of genuine bargains.

Nor were the bargains confined to soft goods. With Kentucky warehouses jammed with straight bourbons, National Distillers cut its prices of Old Grand-Dad and Old Taylor \$6.25 a case (probable retail cut: 76¢ a fifth). Retail meat prices finally reflected some of the drops in livestock prices which had fallen 20% since August. In big ads in Chicago and New York, A & P compared last year's retail prices with 1953's (e.g., \$1.08 for sirloin steak in New York v. 80¢ now, \$1.15 for rib lamb chops v. 75¢ now and 90¢ for boneless chuck v. 65¢ now). All farm commodities had dropped an average of 12% under a year ago, the lowest price levels since Korea. With most commodities close to their support levels, farm economists doubted if wholesale prices would go much lower.

OIL

Change of Heart

In Washington this week, just as a grand jury was about to consider the Government's criminal case against five big oil companies* on cartel charges, the U.S. suddenly changed its course. The Government, which planned to base its case on a 900-page report by the Federal Trade Commission (TIME, Sept. 1), had hoped to get a criminal indictment charging the companies with splitting most of the free world's oil output between them, and fixing prices among themselves to eliminate competition. But this week the U.S. unexpectedly offered to drop the criminal charges, provided the companies would produce the voluminous records needed so that the Government could go ahead with a civil suit.

The decision to drop the criminal action was made by the National Security Council, top U.S. policymaking body, at the request of the State and Defense Departments. These top agencies reasoned that a criminal indictment against the companies would 1) discourage U.S. private investment abroad at precisely the time when it is needed the most, and 2) pro-



MONTE CARLO CASINO
For a czarina, dancing girls.

vide any foreign oil-producing nation with an excuse to break its U.S. contracts at will.

The oil companies agreed with all that, but not with the idea of automatically subjecting themselves to a civil suit even though the Government indicated it was willing to settle a civil case by an out-of-court consent decree. Oil company lawyers, after a stormy meeting with Attorney General J. Edgar Hoover, called the offer "outrageous blackmail" and said they would never accept such an "insulting" proposal. Meanwhile, the companies, except Gulf, were still awaiting trial of another suit charging them with overpricing oil sold to ECA.



ARISTOTLE ONASSIS
For a Pooh-Bah, a princely price.

* Jersey Standard, Standard of California, Secony-Vacuum, Texas Co., Gulf.

SHIPPING

The Man Who Bought the Bank

Aristotle Socrates Onassis is a Greek-born Argentine who water-skis in the best international circles and includes among his friends Prince Rainier III. Pooh-Bah of the tiny principality of Monaco and its famed Monte Carlo Casino. At 47, Onassis has homes in Paris, New York, Montevideo and Antibes, owns or controls a fleet of 91 tankers, freighters and whaling ships worth an estimated \$300 million, and has a pretty 23-year-old wife. But he didn't get all this by breaking the bank at Monte Carlo—quite the opposite. Last week "Ari" Onassis let it be known that, for \$1,000,000, he had bought the 75-year-old Casino, lock, stock and roulette table, and with it, the purse strings of Monaco. Reason: he needed some office space.

As top man in nearly 30 shipping companies* under five different flags, Onassis already has headquarters in Montevideo, branch offices in Paris, London, New York, Hamburg and Panama. But since much of his tanker business is bringing oil from the Middle East through the Mediterranean to Northern Europe, he thought he should have offices near the Mediterranean ports of Marseille and Genoa, where many of his ships are repaired. To Onassis, some empty buildings he had seen on a visit to Monaco looked ideal. A year ago, he approached Monaco's *Société des Bains de Mer et Cérèle des Etrangers* (Sea Bathing Society and Foreigners Club) which controls most Monacan real estate, along with the Monte Carlo Casino. Would they rent him a building? They would not.

Craps & Hand Grenades. But as soon as Onassis called on his old friend, Prince Rainier, the atmosphere became more friendly. The Casino, once the gathering place of rich royalty and the royally rich, had fallen on bad times. Gone were the days when Alexandra, Czarina of all the Russias, could bring the entire corps of the Imperial Ballet to dance while she gambled, when a Casino patron could toss a hand grenade into the roulette wheel after losing his wad and scarcely raise a commotion. Currency restrictions had cut the once-rich British trade to a trickle; the recently installed crap tables (TIME, Feb. 28, 1949), having failed to attract Americans in any quantities, were merely confusing the other customers, who stood around in baffled silence as the croupiers intoned such unfamiliar phrases as "I'm so hot I won't need a blanket tonight." In recent years, the Casino had lost money, and Prince Rainier, who gets 10% of the take in profitable years, was looking for some \$1,000,000 in new capital. Three of the Casino's directors were out lining up money, when Onassis hove into sight.

Onassis lunched with the Prince several

* Among his biggest: Olympic Oil Lines, A.S. Onassis, Ltd., Olympic Maritime, A.G., Panama Maritime, S.A., South Atlantic Marine, S.A.

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times, made himself useful around the palace to the extent of finding a 137-ft. diesel yacht for Monaco's boss. "People said I gave him a yacht," said Onassis. "Poof! He paid for it, 51 million francs, about \$125,000." In any case, the Prince decided to drop his money-raising scheme. Instead, he approved Onassis' plan to buy control of the Sea Bathing Society from its 31,000 stockholders. When the directors returned from their money chase to tell the Prince that four of the biggest banks in France had agreed to put up the money, they found that the Prince's palace gates, guarded by royal *carabinieri* in blue tunics and scarlet collars, were closed to them. In a huff, the three resigned to make room for Onassis' representatives.


Grain & Tankers. The man who bought the bank at Monte Carlo started off as a D.P. from Smyrna after the Turks overran the city in 1922 and killed his father and other members of his family. Onassis had enough cash to buy passage for Argentina, where immigration restrictions were few. He worked for seven years as a tobacco importing agent, piled up about \$180,000; in 1930, with his Greek citizenship restored, he became Greek consul general, at the age of 24, in Buenos Aires. Onassis supervised the comings & goings of Greek grain vessels, soon decided that his future lay in shipping. In the depths of the Depression, when old mariners were abandoning ship, Onassis climbed aboard. He took his savings and bought 35 Canadian freighters that had cost \$12 million to build only a few years before.

For a while, Onassis' shipping company ran in the red. But by 1936 he was making enough money to order a 15,000-ton tanker built for him in Sweden, thus became, he claims, the first Greek shipowner to get into oil transport. During the war, with most of his ships impounded in Sweden, he ran the rest of them for the Allies. At war's end, when Bethlehem Steel planned to close its Sparrows Point, Md. shipyard, Onassis came through with the first postwar order for tankers in the U.S., and persuaded the company to keep its shipyard going. The order was for six 28,000-ton tankers, at a total cost of \$34 million.

Onassis is still expanding fast, has 23 more tankers on order (for \$130 million) all over the world, including a 45,000-tonner at Hamburg. By next year, he will control 1,250,000 tons v. 750,000 now.

Onassis plans to move a staff of 100 into Monaco's Old Sporting Club building when it is remodeled next summer. He sees only one drawback to linking up with the Monte Carlo Casino, whose operations he will merely supervise from a distance. Says he: "We like to have good businessmen on our board. They don't want to be associated with a dying gambling joint." Most of Onassis' ships are now registered in Panama. Though he insists that he has no plans to switch them to the Monegasque flag, he admits that some of his new ships now on order will be registered in Monaco. Says he: "If I do that, others will want to come in, and there will be a little fleet."

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THE WORLD OVER



"U-MAK-IT" CABIN CRUISER
Instead of a rule of thumb, a twist of the wrist.

MODERN LIVING

Dry-Land Cruise

J. P. Morgan was once asked by a friend: "How much does it cost to run a yacht?" Boomed the great J.P.: "Sir, if you have to know how much it costs, you shouldn't own one." Last week, as the 43rd annual Motor Boat Show opened in Manhattan's Grand Central Palace, it was evident that Morgan's rule of thumb no longer applied. In the biggest show in history, 248 exhibitors displayed boats for every pocketbook—from \$39.95 for a shrimp boat to \$72,700 for a cabin cruiser.

For those who like to pinch pennies in their own workshops, the build-it-yourself business had the widest assortment of models yet. On view were 35 different models put out by seven kit-boatmakers, ranging all the way from 8-ft. prams to cabin cruisers. U-Mak-It Products, which had 15 models on show, also puts out a kit for a 23-ft. cabin cruiser (see cut) for \$844 without motor, a saving of about \$1,000 on the readymade model. Depending on the size, a home builder could slice as much as 60% from the price of a factory-made boat.

For other dollar-conscious sailors, there were also sailboats and cruisers from Canada, Britain and The Netherlands, most of them built at prices well under those of U.S. yards. Queen of the fleet was the 55-foot cabin cruiser Capri, built by First Export Association of Dutch Shipbuilders (FEADSHIP) in its Aalsmeer yards. One of a line of more than 30 pleasure craft FEADSHIP has constructed for U.S. buyers, the Capri will sell for \$72,700, a saving of upwards of \$20,000 over a U.S.-built boat of the same size. Already on FEADSHIP's books are orders for 30 more boats for U.S. buyers, from a \$9,500 30-footer to a 122-ft. luxury cruiser.

Other eyecatchers:

Q Plasti-Craft's streamlined XL-525, a 14-ft. Fiberglass-reinforced outboard runabout. Made of Owens-Corning Fiberglass and plastic, the hull needs no paint or calking (price: about \$575). Other Fiberglass boats on display: Lunn Laminates' 18-ft. sloop, Challenger, Ray Greene & Co.'s 16-ft. sloop, Rebel.

Q U-Mak-It's Everglasting and Kristal Kraft kits for owners who want to apply

glass-fiber coatings to their own boat bottoms. Though the cost of coating a 16-ft. hull (roughly 40¢ per square foot) may run as high as \$50, the companies say one coating is sufficient, leaves boats with a leakproof bottom that defies such things as fungus, barnacles and dry rot in fresh and salt waters.

Q General Motors' \$2,500, 87-h.p. diesel engine, the smallest G.M. has ever made and suitable for a 26-ft. boat. G.M. claims it is safer and more economical than standard 100 h.p. (\$600) gas engines, plans to turn out 5,000 of them this year.

Q The one-hand "twist-grip" handle for steering and speed control on almost all new models of outboard motors, some of which reverse the motor with a twist of the wrist.

WALL STREET

Goodbye Curb, Hello Amex

The New York Curb Exchange, which was started by stock traders on Broad Street's curbstones in about 1850, last week changed its name to fit its present position (878 listings, 106,200,000 shares traded last year). Up on its Trinity Place façade went the name: American Stock Exchange. Nickname: "Amex."

GOVERNMENT

Other People's Mail

One of man's vicarious pleasures is reading other people's mail. In Chicago last week, the antitrust suit involving Du Pont and General Motors provided the Government with an opportunity to air confidential letters dating back 30 years and more. No matter what the letters proved or disproved about the Government's charge that Du Pont's control of G.M. restricts competition, there was no doubt that they were fascinating footnotes to the growth of Du Pont.

In 1921, Lamont du Pont wrote his brother Pierre listing as "O.K." those G.M. units which were buying 100% of their paint, Fabrikoid (artificial leather) and Pyralin (plastic windows for side curtains) from Du Pont. Those who were not buying 100% were either classified under "good reason" or "no reason." Lamont added that Du Pont's sales de-



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Why tire yourself needlessly when American whisks you over the long miles in the pleasant comfort of a Flagship seat and makes certain that you'll arrive rested and refreshed.



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Investors
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Notice of 49th Consecutive Dividend

The Board of Directors of Investors Mutual has declared a quarterly dividend of thirteen and one-half cents per share payable on January 21, 1953, to shareholders of record as of December 31, 1952.

H. K. Bradford, President

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partment "wouldn't mind seeing things going a little faster."

However, another exchange in 1922 showed that when Du Pont had a big chance to exercise a monopoly, it refused to do so. The chance came with its perfection of Duco, the quick-drying, auto-body finish which revolutionized painting in the industry. Before Duco, Body Builder Lawrence P. Fisher testified at the trial, it took 21 days to paint and dry a Cadillac. "If we had carried on with paint," said Fisher, so much storage space would have been needed that "we'd have had a roof over Michigan." Had Du Pont limited the sale of Duco to G.M., that company might have run away with the auto market. But Pierre du Pont wrote Irénée du Pont in 1922 that while this step had been considered, it was vetoed; it might "entrench competition" (i.e., tie auto companies too close to suppliers) later on when others developed quick-drying finishes, thus cut Du Pont's chances of selling outside G.M.

Moreover, despite Du Pont's desire to boost its sales to G.M., a G.M. subsidiary could cut off its buying from a Du Pont subsidiary. In 1934, G.M.'s Vice President John Pratt wrote G.M.'s New Departure Division that Du Pont had complained because New Departure stopped buying ammonia from Du Pont's National Ammonia Co. New Departure wrote back it did not even know National Ammonia belonged to Du Pont, but doubted it would make any difference; their ammonia had been dropped because it had water in it.

In 1945, Vice President Pratt had also suggested that General of the Army George C. Marshall should be elected to G.M.'s board on his retirement. G.M.'s Chairman Alfred P. Sloan passed the idea on to Du Pont's Chairman Lamont du Pont, saying that Marshall (then 65) was probably too old but that he "might do us some good." Lamont du Pont rejected the idea: "My reasons for not favoring [Marshall's] membership on the board are: first, his age; second, his lack of stockholdings; and third, his lack of experience in industrial business affairs."

Needed: A New Program

Since Korea, one goal of the rearmament program has been to build up a big enough supply of weapons to tide the U.S. over the first year of an all-out war. How big should that supply be? In Washington last week, the Office of Defense Mobilization's eight-man Advisory Committee on Production Equipment, headed by Studebaker's Chairman & President Harold S. Vance, gave a startling answer: nobody seems to have the faintest idea. Furthermore, the military apparently has not taken into consideration the fact that some items could be brought into full production in a few months, while others might require a year or more. Pentagon estimates, said the committee, "call for greater quantities of military hard goods than the supplies of materials and the manpower and production capacity of the nation could possibly support."

In making an overall survey of post-

TIME, JANUARY 19, 1953

STANDARDIZE YOUR LINE YET DIVERSIFY PRODUCTS

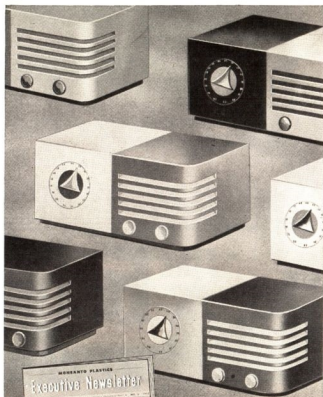
How to simplify, cut costs—and
still get product versatility...
with plastics

Like many manufacturers in a profits squeeze today, you may be looking for more efficient, less costly production methods—that won't sacrifice the product *flexibility* you need to meet demands of market development, and competition.

Probably the most obvious answer lies in the economical special surface treatments that are possible with molded plastic products. With plastics, you can standardize on one or two models, yet diversify them with an almost unlimited range of functional and decorative surface effects.

For instance, radio housings (or housings for small appliances, office equipment, etc.)—molded in three dimensions of versatile Lustrex styrene plastic—can be standardized in size and shape, yet gain functional and decorative variety through several colors and a few simple surface treatments.

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"How to Diversify Product Lines with
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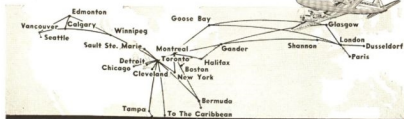
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Korea rearmament policy, the Vance committee talked some hard sense about the progress and shortfalls of the arms program. Now that military equipment is coming out in some volume, said the committee, it is time to re-examine the whole idea of building up stocks of weapons that may be obsolete by the time they are needed. The committee's conclusion: the U.S. should stop its hand-to-mouth buying and "substitute, to the greatest extent practicable, production capacity for the stockpiling of military end-items." Much progress has already been made in boosting weapons-making capacity; now the job ought to be finished no matter what the cost. Among the committee's recommendations:

¶ By every means possible, e.g., 100% fast amortization and more liberal treatment under the excess profits tax, the



STUDEBAKER'S VANCE

One question stopped 10,000 tanks.

U.S. should encourage private industry to build the new production capacity needed.

¶ If any new capacity is found to be "commercially unsupportable," the Government itself should build the needed tools and plants, at a possible cost of \$1 billion to \$2 billion.

¶ The key to production is machine tools. The Government should spend some \$300 million a year to maintain its \$6 billion inventory of machine tools, and another \$200 million to \$300 million a year to buy new ones and get additional plant space.

Such a plan, said the committee, would save money in the long run; "In most [military equipment] programs, the initial cost of facilities is small compared to the cost of producing end-items for the stockpile." Example: thousands of rocket-launching mounts would be needed in the first three years of all-out war—about twice what present plants could turn out in that period. "Yet, an expenditure equal to the cost of producing only

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The price you pay for gasoline (excluding tax, of course) is the same now as it was about 25 years ago!

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This "little super tanker" is the newest addition to the Sinclair fleet and a new unit in *your* fuel line.

By its size, speed and flexibility, the new

tanker will help reduce Sinclair's transportation costs. Lower costs are a definite part of Sinclair's "plan for balanced progress", one portion of which emphasizes low-cost transportation by means of more efficient pipe lines and tankers. In any business, economical distribution always shows up well on the profit and loss statement.

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A major guided missile program is just one of Boeing's many projects-with-a-future. Other programs, which offer you plenty of room to get ahead in engineering, are America's first-announced jet transport project, research in supersonic flight and nuclear-powered aircraft, and development of the B-47 and B-52 jet bombers, the airplanes that have given Boeing more experience with multi-engine jets than any other company.

Boeing offers attractive careers of almost limitless range to men in virtually ALL branches of engineering, for aircraft **DESIGN, DEVELOPMENT, PRODUCTION, RESEARCH and TOOLING**; and for servo-mechanism and electronics designers and analysts, and for physicists and mathematicians.

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150 of these items . . . would provide . . . production equipment capable of meeting the maximum rate."

In seven months of work, the Vance committee went from agency to agency in Washington, asking questions that often brought quick results. Why was the Army scheduling production of 20,000 M-48 Patton tanks while its own estimates showed that there was a need for only 7,500 of them? Lacking an answer, the Army cut its production schedule in half.

Harry Truman's suggested fiscal 1954 budget (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) also reflects the Vance committee's work. It allows for a cutback in production of 800 defense items, including tanks and trucks, to avoid excess inventories, and requests \$500 million for "reserve tools and facilities."

Born. To Elizabeth Taylor, 20, cinema-matress (*National Velvet*, *Teahouse*), and Michael Wilding, 40, British cinemactor (*An Ideal Husband*): their first child, a son, by Caesarean section; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Michael Howard. Weight: 7 lbs. 3 oz.

Born. To Andrea ("Andy") Mead Lawrence, 20, who started taking professional lessons at the age of six to become the world's fastest woman skier, winner of two gold medals (for the giant slalom and two-heat slalom) at 1952's winter Olympics, and Skier David Lawrence, 22, member of the U.S. men's Olympic team last year and 1949 U.S. giant slalom champion; their first child, a son; in Rutland, Vt. Weight: 8 lbs. 9½ oz.

Married. Walter Francis John Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Earl of Dalkeith, 29, rangy, redheaded heir to the eighth Duke of Buccleuch (pronounced "buck-cloo"), long regarded as the front runner for Princess Margaret's hand; and Jane McNeill, 22, ash-blond, China-schooled fashion model and daughter of a Scottish barrister practicing in Hong Kong. Queen Elizabeth II, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret traveled by special train from Sandringham to join the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and 1,600 other royal guests, socialites and privileged laborers and tenants of the Buccleuch estates (six ancestral homes, 500,000 acres) to watch the coronation year's flossiest society wedding in Edinburgh's ancient St. Giles Cathedral.

Died. Thomas Sugrue, 45, journalist and author (*There Is a River*, *Starling of the White House*), who was stricken by a rare form of arthritis in 1937, spent the rest of his life in the painful confines of a wheelchair; of complications following a bone operation; in Manhattan. His controversial 1952 book, *A Catholic Speaks His Mind*, was a biting criticism of U.S. Catholicism ("booming, aggressive, mate-

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

High Heater. The U.S. Rubber Co. announced a new home-heating system which uses radiant-heating panels applied to the ceiling like wallpaper. Called Uskon, the panels are only 1/8 in. thick, contain rubber sandwiched between thin layers of plastic and aluminum foil. Cost per 4-ft.-by-6-ft. panel, with thermostat: \$40. Cost of installation for a two-story, three-bedroom house: \$1,200.

Jet Trainer. To Wichita's Cessna Aircraft Co., the Air Force awarded a contract to develop the first jet-powered primary training plane. Powered by two French Turbomeca engines the trainer will have a top speed of more than 403 m.p.h. Cessna expects to have it ready for its first flight in September 1954.

MILESTONES

rialistic, socially ambitious, and inclined to use its membership as a paranoid pressure group").

Died. Osa Leighty Johnson, 58, explorer, author (*I Married Adventure*), famed in the '20s and '30s for her expeditions to Africa, Australia, Borneo and the South Seas with first husband Martin Johnson; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. The Johnsons traveled a million miles together in 27 years, flew their own amphibian (*Osa's Ark*), produced six books and 13 movies (a crack shot, she would drop attacking lions and rhinos at his feet as he stood fast, grinding the camera). After Johnson's death in a commercial-plane crash in 1937, Osa led a six-month safari into Africa, married and divorced her booking manager, and was getting ready for a new African safari when death came.

Died. Otto Schnering, 61, founder and president of the Curtiss Candy Co., a pioneer in nickel candy bars, notably Baby Ruth (24 billion bars in 35 years); of a heart attack; in Cary, Ill.

Died. Albert V. Moore, 72, cofounder and president of Moore-McCormack Lines, Inc., one of the world's largest passenger-crew fleets (37 ships); of a heart ailment; in Queens, N.Y.

Died. Dr. Charles E. Merriam, 78, longtime (1900-40) professor of political science at the University of Chicago; of a cerebral-hemorrhage; in Rockville, Md. As an educator looking for practical experience, he twice served as a Chicago alderman and ran a losing campaign in 1911 for mayor of Chicago on the Republican ticket (his campaign manager: Old Curmudgeon Harold Ickes).

Died. Mrs. Grace Wilson Vanderbilt, eightyish, unchallenged queen of U.S. society for more than a quarter of a century; of pneumonia; in Manhattan (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS).



Pumping "reach" into jet bombers

A Boeing B-47 Stratojet streaks into the rendezvous area where its KC-97 Tanker teammate is waiting. A quick inflight contact is made—fuel tanks are replenished from the tanker, and the bomber continues on its way.

This aerial refueling technique, and the necessary equipment, has been developed by Boeing working closely with the Air Force. It is equally effective with bombers or fighters.

Jets fly faster, and higher, than conventionally powered aircraft. They must—in order to accomplish their missions—against improved defense techniques.

But in doing so they consume enormous quantities of fuel, thus limiting their range. Aerial refueling adds range—extends the distance over which the jet can reach its target.

Aerial refueling has become so routine in the Air Force that Boeing tankers have made literally thousands of refueling contacts. One refueling squadron alone has already transferred more than a million gallons of fuel aloft.

Boeing KC-97 Tankers are being delivered to the Air Force in substantial quantities. Organized into squadrons, they are operating as integral parts of

combat bomber wings. These versatile Boeings are able to perform many other services in addition to those of flying tankers. For each one, in a matter of hours, is convertible into a troop transport, a swift cargo carrier, or a flying hospital unique for its speed, capacity and pressurized cabins.

The KC-97 is a soundly engineered, ruggedly built, high-performance airplane. It is distinguished by the same integrity of research and manufacture, the same imaginative engineering, that have characterized Boeing airplanes throughout its 36-year history.

For the Air Force, Boeing is building the

B-47 Stratojet, B-50 Superfortress, C-97 Stratofreighter, KC-97 Tanker and the B-52 Stratofortress;
and for the world's leading airlines, Boeing has built fleets of twin-deck Stratocruisers.

BOEING

CINEMA

The Biggest & the Best

The critics, who think they know what is "best," are seldom in complete agreement with the moviegoers, who pay at the box office. At year's end, 15 Manhattan critics met and picked the best of 1952: Their selections:

Best picture: *High Noon* (TIME, July 14).
Best actress: Shirley Booth, for her portrayal of a slatternly wife in *Come Back, Little Sheba* (TIME, Dec. 29).

Best actor: Britain's Ralph Richardson, for his aviation magnate in *Breaking the Sound Barrier* (TIME, Nov. 10).

Best director: *High Noon*'s Fred Zinnemann.

Last week *Variety* listed 1952's top-

Early Tycoon

In the flickery days of the nickelodeon, a little (5 ft. 5 in.) Hungarian immigrant named Adolph Zukor decided that the way to lure customers into his second-floor emporium in Manhattan was to give them a thrill. Zukor installed a glass stairway under which a waterfall tumbled down over electric lights. It was the movies' first lesson in spectacular salesmanship, and it was Zukor's key to success.

As the years passed, Zukor bought up hundreds of theaters; he imported Sarah Bernhardt's film, *Queen Elizabeth*, and made an unheard-of profit of \$20,000. Then he began plugging away at movie-making, hiring famous stage stars to act



ADOLPH ZUKOR (SIGNING WET CONCRETE) & FRIENDS*

He had a good word for the enemy.

grossing films (\$1,000,000 and more*):
1) *Greatest Show on Earth* (\$12,000,000).

2) *Quo Vadis* (\$10,500,000).

3) *Ivanhoe* (\$7,000,000).

4) *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (\$6,500,000).

5) *Sailor Beware* (\$4,300,000).

6) *African Queen* (\$4,000,000).

7) *Jumping Jacks* (\$4,000,000).

8) *High Noon* (\$3,400,000).

9) *Son of Paleface* (\$3,400,000).

10) *Singin' in the Rain* (\$3,300,000).

The National Board of Review picked a mixed bouquet: *The Quiet Man* (No. 12 on *Variety*'s list of top grossers), *High Noon*, *Limelight*, *Five Fingers* (No. 86), *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, *The Thief* (No. 114), *The Bad and the Beautiful*, *Singin' in the Rain*, *Above and Beyond*, *My Son John* (a poor grosser, unlisted).

before the cameras. His movie company, Famous Players, later became Paramount Pictures Corp., and Adolph Zukor became one of Hollywood's first tycoons. For the past 15 years, as chairman of the board, he has been content to spend most of his time in Paramount's Manhattan offices. But last week he was the toast of filmdom.

It was Zukor's 80th birthday, and Hollywood associates and friends decided to celebrate. They whisked the old man off to the West Coast, where he was whirled through luncheons, press conferences and interviews. At Grauman's Chinese Theater, Zukor arrived by limousine to place his footprints in wet cement near those of such immortals as Betty Grable and Ava Gardner; the event went off without a hitch except for a slight delay when Zukor insisted on removing his good black shoes and substituting an old pair.

Climaxing "Adolph Zukor Day" was a

\$75,000 dinner for 1,000-odd guests at Hollywood's Palladium. Songstress Rosemary Clooney sang (a microphone concealed in the bosom of her dress) *Happy Birthday to You*; William (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd rode into the ballroom astride Topper to shout "Happy Birthday, Mr. Zukor!"; Oldtimer Mary Pickford made a teary speech and Oldtimer Mae Murray did a scampering dance.

Biggest surprise of the evening: Pioneer Zukor's speech, in which he put in an enthusiastic word for Hollywood's most feared enemy. Said he: "Rather than lose the public because television is here, wouldn't it be smart to adopt television as our instrument . . .?"

The New Pictures

The Jazz Singer (Warner), when it first opened at Broadway's Warner Theater on Oct. 6, 1927, set off the fastest revolution in the history of show business. The picture was all silent except for several musical numbers. At one point, before launching into a song on the screen, Star Al Jolson said: "You ain't heard nothin' yet, folks, listen to this." The historic words gave the screen a voice and sounded the death knell of silent pictures.

The new Technicolor remake of *The Jazz Singer* is not likely to make history, technological or otherwise. But it is a slick, streamlined version of the original, and still a good show. The sentimental plot tells of the son of an orthodox Jewish cantor who is torn between tradition and Tin Pan Alley. Under Michael (Yankee Doodle Dandy) Curtiz' direction, the film has color and a brisk pace, notably in its musical sequences.

In the title role, owlish Nightclub Comic Danny Thomas is no Al Jolson.* He is no glamour boy either, but he brings a shrewdly homespun touch to the part and has the necessary tear in his voice. Making her movie debut, blonde Jukebox Songstress Peggy Lee sings brightly and plays the jazz singer's girl friend attractively. The picture offers a rich variety of music, from Cole Porter to the Hebrew hymn *Kol Nidre*. Notably missing: the tear-jerking *Mammy*, which the late Jolson sang in blackface and on his knees.

The Little World of Don Camillo (Rizzoli-Amato; I.F.E. Releasing Corp.) is a village somewhere in northern Italy in the Po valley. "where the sun beats down on people's heads like a hammer, and where they argue with fists." Here is waged a spirited but friendly rivalry between the militant parish priest, Don Camillo (Fernandel), and his longtime adversary Peppone, the Communist mayor (Gino Cervi).

The two men fight over the construction of a community center, the milking of cows during a farm strike, a football game between party comrades and parishioners. They even come to blows with each other. But Mayor Peppone also has his son baptized Libero Antonio Camillo

* Not listed among *Variety*'s 119 pictures were such comparative late starters as *Limelight*, *Moulin Rouge*, *Come Back, Little Sheba*.

* Rosemary Clooney and Wesco Theaters' Charles Skouras.

* George Jessel originated the part of the jazz singer on the stage in 1925.



They thought it was *grass*

IN THE WILDS OF ALASKA, back in 1900, some prospectors saw a patch of green among the rocks. It looked like grass but it was actually copper . . . the richest copper ore in the world.

That mine was the beginning of Kennecott Copper Corporation. And although it was finally exhausted in 1938, its place has been more than filled by other Kennecott mines in Utah, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and Chile.

Exploration is a big part of Kennecott's job. And Kennecott's highly trained scientists, backed by every resource at our command, are constantly searching for new mines

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CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.
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THIS SPRING... SEE Scandinavia

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Lenin, while Don Camillo officiates at the cornerstone-laying of Peppone's community center. And when the priest is sent away for a vacation by his bishop as a result of his impulsively muscular Christianity, both the Communists and Don Camillo's flock turn out to wish him Goodspeed.

As adapted by Director Julien (*Carnet de Bal*) Duvivier from Giovannino Guareschi's 1930 bestseller, *The Little World of Don Camillo* is a shrewdly contrived series of vignettes that blend charm and humor with acute character observation. At times the picture verges on the operatic, and the contest between the godless mayor and the ingenuously devout priest becomes almost a *Quint-Flagg* routine. But most of the time the movie makes a lively and disarming human comedy of its theme, generously viewing its characters not as "red or black, but as just plain, ordinary people... each one struggling in his own way to build a better world." As the battling priest, horse-faced French Actor Fernandel gives a wryly rich performance, while Italy's Gino Cervi, in hand-bar mustaches, makes a floridly ferocious Peppone. Good shot: the priest and the mayor slugging it out in the church belfry as the ringing bells punctuate their punches.

The Clown [M-G-M] is a remake of the 1931 success. *The Champ*, in which Wallace Beery played a broken-down prizefighter and Jackie Cooper his worshipful young son. In this version, Red Skelton plays a broken-down funnymen with Tim Considine as the youngster.

As in the original, *The Clown* consists mostly of variations on one situation: a brave little boy keeping a stiff upper lip in the face of his dad's continual booing and craphooting. This he accomplishes largely by saying "Aw, gee" and looking forlornly at the camera. As in the original version, the father dies at the fadeout—in this case, after having made good on a television show.

The Clown gives TV Comic Skelton an opportunity to perform one of his specialties: drunk and pratfall routines. But the picture is mostly an unblinking jerker of glycerin tears.

Thunder in the East [Paramount]. At one point in this oriental melodrama, one of the characters describes Alan Ladd as "Sir Galahad, Horatio at the bridge and Robin Hood, all wrapped up into one." The description is incomplete. Playing a rough & ready adventurer, Ladd lands in the Indian state of Gundahar with a plenitude of guns and ammunition at a time when bandit forces are converging on the Maharajah's palace. The Maharajah's adviser (Charles Boyer), a Gandhi-like character, is an adamant believer in

© Author Guareschi, who uses humor as a political weapon in combating Communism, has expressed dissatisfaction with the movie version of his book because the film Peppone turns out to be too nice a fellow. Guareschi is writing a screen sequel which he promises will embody a stronger anti-Communist message.



GINO CERVI & FERNANDEL
Fists in the belfry.

the virtues of nonresistance, an attitude which mystifies Ladd.

In short order, Ladd beards the bandit leader in his camp and has a man-to-man chat with him, helps a good many of the British colony fly out of Gundahar, and, with the help of the suddenly war-minded Boyer, cuts down the enemy with machine guns. In the process he also wins the affections of a blind British girl (Deborah Kerr). *Thunder in the East* is a flabby, farfetched thriller whose melodramatics come across as only a muted rumble on the screen.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Moulin Rouge. Director John Huston's exuberant film biography of French Painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; with José Ferrer (TIME, Jan. 12).

The Member of the Wedding. Carson McCullers' poetic play about a twelve-year-old girl's growing pains; with Julie Harris, Ethel Waters and Brandon de Wilde (TIME, Dec. 29).

Come Back, Little Sheba. William Inge's Broadway hit about two mismatched people, faithfully transferred to the screen; with Burt Lancaster, Shirley Booth (TIME, Dec. 29).

Forbidden Games. A small French masterpiece that looks at a grownup's warring world through the realistic eyes of a child (TIME, Dec. 8).

Hans Christian Andersen. Producer Sam Goldwyn's lavish musical fairy tale about Denmark's great spinner of fairy tales; with Danny Kaye, French Balletina Jeanne Marie (TIME, Dec. 11).

Breaking the Sound Barrier. A soaring British film picturing the stresses & strains, mechanical as well as human, of supersonic flight; with Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd (TIME, Nov. 10).

The Crimson Pirate. Buccaneer Burt Lancaster and his cutthroat crew roam the Mediterranean in a merry travesty on pirate movies (TIME, Sept. 15).



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Napoleon's First Girl

DÉSIRÉE (594 pp.).—*Annemarie Selinko*
—Morrow (\$4.50).

It was 1794, and Citizen Robespierre had just set up an altar to human reason in Paris. Little Désirée Clary of Marseille, though only 14, was a true daughter of the revolution, and, in her diary, brought all the power of her reason to the solution of a world problem. Her estimate of the situation: "A woman can usually get what she wants from a man if she has a well-developed figure." Her decision: "To stuff four handkerchiefs into the front of my dress tomorrow."

Désirée did, and a lucky thing too, for on the morrow whom was she to meet but the assistant to the deputy for Marseille, a young man named Joseph Buonaparte. And right in the middle of their conversation, she had to blow her nose. Joseph "could hardly believe his eyes" when he saw the collapse in prospects. He decided he liked her sister better, and handed Désirée down to his little brother, Napoleon. In time Désirée fulfilled her physical promise, and Napoleon asked her to be his wife.

With that for a start, most bestselling historians would be off on a snappy story of hoo-doo doings in the First Empire, with a lusty cannon counterpoint to the mattress melody. In *Désirée*, however, Danish Novelist Annemarie Selinko has accepted the rational notion that historical novels must have some relation to historical fact. The historical facts in the case are these: that Napoleon (he later Gallicized his Corsican name) as a very young man was actually engaged to Désirée Clary, the daughter of a Marseille silk merchant, that he broke the engagement to marry Josephine, and that Désirée later married one of Napoleon's marshals, Jean-Baptiste Bernadotte, and became a queen on her husband's election to the throne of Norway and Sweden.

Novelist Selinko tells this story straight, with about as much verbal gusto as a court calendar. Nevertheless, her 594-page novel is already a bestseller in Austria, Sweden, Denmark, Germany and other countries, and her publishers confidently expect that it will do as well in the U.S. They may be right, but there is a profound truth in some of the first words Désirée addresses to her diary: "It's a shame," she laments, "to spoil these beautiful white pages with writing."

Life in Passage

THE WYNNE DIARIES (551 pp.).—*Edited by Anne Fremantle*—Oxford (\$2).

If some of Jane Austen's livelier heroines had kept diaries, the result might have read very much like this book. In 1789, ten-year-old Elizabeth Wynne and her nine-year-old sister Eugenia, children of wealthy English Catholics who lived mainly on the Continent, began to con-



DÉSIRÉE CLARY
Her estimates led to a figure,

fide in their journals. Mercurial Eugenia was irregular about her entries, but strong-willed Betsy filled up 42 notebooks before she died in 1857. Writing in a dry, clear style which at its best recalls the talk in *Pride and Prejudice*, the two sisters left a lively and often delightful record of the manners of their day. As now published, *The Wynne Diaries* is a skillful condensation* which brings their story up to 1820, shortly after Betsy's husband died.

"The Villanous French." "We danced," was Betsy's first entry; Eugenia reported that "Mr. Buller gave me great pleasure,

* The complete diaries, in three volumes, were published between 1935 and 1940, sold the grand total of 154 copies in the U.S.



DIARIST WYNNE
Her captain fired 21 guns.

he kissed me tenderly," but then she modestly scratched it out. The Wynnes were near Strasbourg, dining with nobility, inspecting churches, being generally entertained. Betsy rhapsodized over "the loveliest and maddest of balls [including] mascarades, changing of sex, tumbling of women and men on to the floor."

The Wynnes soon left for Italy, where the girls spent their early teens. Betsy found *The Vicar of Wakefield* "very pretty, interesting, well wrote," and went to see *Romeo and Juliet*, "which is translated from *Shakespeare* but it did not please me." Though devout, the Wynnes seem also to have been worldly. Betsy thought "the only Idea of being shut up in [a convent] would make me grow mad." Eugenia directed her fire at the nobility: "The countess Gera comes here with her great bakside . . . She talks all the while . . . like a Mackpice."

When the revolution broke out in France, Betsy and Eugenia boiled with conservative wrath. In the midst of girlish descriptions of dances enjoyed and plays seen, they composed diatribes against the Republicans and wept over the fate of Marie Antoinette. When Republican France kept winning battles in Europe, Betsy burst out: "I cannot conceive how the villanous french can always be victorious."

Naked Fashions. The "villanous french" threatened to overrun Italy, and in 1796 the Wynnes boarded a British naval vessel to be taken home. They were befriended by Captain Thomas Fremantle, a mild-tempered but talented man, and shortly thereafter Betsy's journal entries began to grow dreamy. The romance was certain and swift, one of those idyls that begin in youth and end in death. But, while Betsy thrilled over her "excellent man" and wondered whether "he thinks so often of his Betsy as I do of him," the captain contented himself with a laconic note in his diary: "Was married to Elizabeth Wynne . . . Dressed ship and fired 21 guns."

For a while, Betsy lived aboard ship with her husband. She calmly reported the capture of a Spanish prize "with 9000 dollars," and later, in the summer of 1797, was present at the attack on the Spanish-held Canary Islands, where Captain Fremantle was wounded and his commander, Lord Nelson, lost an arm. If her diary can be trusted, Betsy took it all with courage and calm.

Afterwards, the Fremantles settled to a quiet country life in England, and Betsy's diary became filled with the domestic trivialities of a life fully enjoyed. Betsy amassed a brood of children, worried over their manners and education, "danced 24 couples till past four o'clock in the morning," and, as a matron of 19, sniffed that "the fashion now is to be almost naked, even old women show all their necks and back." Her happiness was in her marriage: "Mr. Fremantle very loving to his wife who is uncommonly attentive to him."

Throughout her diary Betsy, in good 18th century style, called her husband by



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his surname. By contrast, Eugenia was a 19th century romantic. The great love of her life, with an impecunious Scot, was troubled and tempestuous. "He could not bear to see me less rich than I ought to be," she waited in her diary. "But if he has any feeling could he prefer to see me waste my life in wretchedness—?" Quarrels, tears, reconciliations followed. "How different is the Love of a Woman to that of a Man!" wrote Eugenia. Betsy looked on sympathetically. Fremantle less so. "I wish," she wrote Betsy about Eugenia's letters, "she could reason and communicate less in the style of a Novelist." But finally the marriage took place, and everyone relaxed.

So the years went. As she grew older, Betsy became more observant, noting the good & bad manners of the nobility, describing charitable dinners for the poor, fretting over the escapades of Eugenia and her four other sisters. One day in December 1819 Fremantle fell dead, and the following day, for the first time in 30 years, Betsy made no entry in her diary.

A Place in the Sun

A BRIGHTER SUN (215 pp.)—Samuel Selvon—Viking (\$3).

The first time Tiger got a look at his wife was when they were getting married. As the ceremonial sheet was thrown over them, he raised her veil to sneak a glimpse and saw a teen-ager with "black, sad eyes, long hair, undeveloped breasts." Tiger was only 16 himself.

"What you name?"
"Urmilla."

It was a conventional marriage because this was Trinidad. Like their parents, who had arranged the deal, the young marrieds could neither read nor write. Now they were going to the distant town of Barataria near Port-of-Spain, the capital, to start life on their own with Urmilla's dowry: a cow, a thatched hut and garden, 200 Trinidad dollars. The neighborhood kids were there to see them off.

"Tiger! So yuh married now!"
"Yuh is a big man now, boy!"

A Brighter Sun is the first novel of young (28) Trinidadian Samuel Selvon, who left his island to work for a British publisher. Its pages are flecked with Caribbean color and sunshine, but Tiger's personal story is neither colorful nor sunny. He and Urmilla were desperately poor and abysmally ignorant. In Barataria they slept on sacking on the floor of their leaky hut, sold their milk and vegetables in the slum neighborhood where they lived, and tried to behave like grownups. For Tiger, that meant working his tiny patch of land, getting drunk now & then on rum bought on credit at the store of Tall Boy, the Chinaman, and occasionally beating up Urmilla. For Urmilla it meant doing the primitive housework, delivering the milk, worshipping Tiger, and having babies. Everything might have gone well enough in picturesque squalor if Tiger hadn't begun to think about things, and if the war hadn't brought the Yankee dollar.

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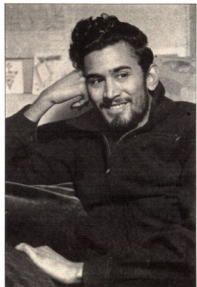
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the U.S. Army for more money than he'd ever seen before. He got started on a new brick house to replace the hut, made Urmilla buy her first shoes and a new dress, invited his Army bosses to a rum-washed dinner. But he had taught himself to read, and now thoughts clouded his expanding horizons. What was life all about? Could he ever break away from his dreary existence? Could a colored man ever get a break in a white man's world? He daydreamed about getting an education and becoming a great lawyer. He would go to England or the U.S. But unlike Author Selvon, Tiger doesn't get away. At story's end, with the G.I.s and the big pay envelope gone, he is getting ready to plant corn.

What makes *A Brighter Sun* shine more steadily than most current fiction is a freshness of speech and locale that is as welcome as its direct, unsurprised look at life. Author Selvon still has a way to go as



Brian Seed

NOVELIST SELVON
Tiger learned the hard way.

a craftsman in fiction, but his native ring is true, and the native squalor and insular ignorance have been triple-distilled and mixed with his ink. At the very least, he knows what poor Tiger learned the hard way: "You don't start over things in life; you just have to go on from where you stop."

Early Graham Greene

THE SHIPWRECKED (244 pp.)—Graham Greene—Viking [\$3].

In 1935 a little-known English writer published his seventh novel, *England Made Me*. The critics brushed it off with mild praise; a writer whose pages steamed with so much excitement could not also be significant. When a U.S. publisher imported the book, it sold exactly 933 copies. But now that Graham Greene has become famous as a literary analyst of sin and salvation, it is being reissued as *The Shipwrecked*.

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Swift but erratic in pace, and streaked with a social consciousness that was quickly to fade from his later novels, *The Shipwrecked* is written in the vibrant style that has become Greene's trademark. Where his more mature books, like *The Heart of the Matter*, treat human weakness in religious terms, *The Shipwrecked* tends to blame it on a decaying society. But in its unpretentious, entertaining way, it proves again that Graham Greene could hardly be dull if he tried.

Charming Rotter. In a sleazy London bar, Kate Farrant, thirtyish and handsome, waits for her twin brother Anthony, a globe-trotting ne'er-do-well. When he bounces in with "the shallow cheer of an advertisement," she guesses he has lost his job again. To Kate, her charming rotter of a brother is a frightening vision of the failure she might have been, yet she loves him helplessly, as if he were more than a brother. To salvage him, she takes Anthony back with her to Sweden, where she is ensconced as mistress to Erik Krogh, Europe's richest man and apparently a facsimile of Swedish Match King Ivar Kreuger.

For a while, life in the Krogh empire is delightfully plush. Anthony becomes Krogh's bodyguard, teaches his joyless boss how to relax, begins an affair on the side with an English lady tourist, and picks up extra change by funneling news about Krogh to a journalist. But when Anthony discovers that Krogh is swindling half the world, he rebels: he is not "unscrupulous enough to be successful." Suddenly dangerous, Anthony is casually destroyed by one of Krogh's assistants.

Efficient Monster. Like all of Graham Greene's novels, *The Shipwrecked* is basically concerned with the problem of evil, this time through a contrast between Anthony's genteel, old-fashioned shiftiness and Krogh's impersonal ruthlessness. For all his faults, Anthony is human, and he clings with redeeming inconsistency to "the conventions of a generation older than himself"; Krogh is merely an efficient monster who manipulates people as if they were pins on a map.

Author Greene sometimes wrenches his story to underline his idea: Krogh, for example, becomes a conventional stereotype of the rich man too busy to be happy. But in Anthony Farrant he has created an unforgettable character, a bewildered and pathetic Ishmael who personifies the moral shabbiness to which Greene has repeatedly returned in his later, better books.

A Slight Case of Murder

REPUTATION FOR A SONG [331 pp.]—Edward Grierson—Knopf (\$3.50).

When the prosecuting counsel opened his case for the Crown in the trial of Rupert Laurence Anderson, aged 18 and charged with murdering his father, he told the jury: "It is of small things that I shall tell, small hatreds, small jealousies, small desires."

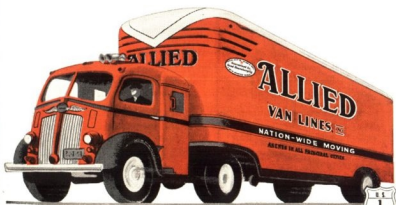
Small people too, he might have added. Decent, ineffectual Robert Anderson was

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no match for his wife Laura when they began squabbling over the children. Laura hated him; she also hated their spiritless daughter Margaret, because she was so much like her father. Thanks to Laura's interventions, Margaret never even got to kiss the cautious clergyman she might have married. Lazy brother Rupert, meantime, whiled away delicious summer nights with a ripe barmaid named Joy. But his mother Laura thought Rupert could do no wrong—not even on the night of Oct. 5, when he picked up a heavy poker and brought it crashing down on Papa Anderson's skull.

In *Reputation for a Song*, British Novelist Edward Grierson has carpentered a trimly joined plot, with Freudian underpinnings and a legalistic overlay, to describe the ugly events leading up to the fatal night in the little English town and the court battle that followed. Having



NOVELIST GRIERSON
For papa, a heavy poker.

disposed of the body, mother and son buttress the boy's plea of self-defense by disposing of the dead man's reputation. Margaret threatens to tell all; but even she is finally persuaded that her brother's neck is worth more than her father's name, remains silent when testimony paints the dead man as a brute and drunkard. Novelist Grierson's feeling: well might the ghost of Robert Anderson weep with Omar Khayyām, "Indeed the Idols I have loved so long / Have . . . sold my Reputation for a Song."

In England, Novelist Grierson, 38, has been somewhat prematurely compared to E. M. Forster. In this book, he invests a good deal of intelligence and technical equipment in a very slight case of murder, but does not help matters for the reader by his plodding, impersonal style and easily recognizable but one-dimensional British types. His point seems to be that justice can be blind. Nobody will disagree.



■ **As a businessman**, he buys or influences the buying for his company of goods and services of many kinds from many different sources.

■ **As a family man**, he enjoys an upper-income manner of living . . . both at home and within the circle of his friends. He and his wife, because their interests are broader and their means way above the national average, are consistent best customers for better products and services.

The man in two positions to buy!



Q.E.D.

Successful businessmen-family heads like this, with their wives and families, comprise in large part the audience of TIME.

Every week TIME's advertising pages talk directly to 1,700,000 families, America's most valuable prospects—best customers in two positions to buy.

when time

is money...



P-A-X telephones save both!

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Case studies demonstrating P-A-X application have been prepared in cooperation with organizations which own and use P-A-X Business Telephone Systems manufactured by Automatic Electric, originator of the automatic telephone. Requests for more information will be welcomed. Call or write Automatic Electric Sales Corporation. (Haymarket 1-4300), 1033 West Van Buren St., Chicago 7, Illinois.



Type 32A31 standard P-A-X switchboard typically serves 50 telephones—installation requires no special engineering. Other standard switchboards range in capacity from 10 to 100's of telephones.



AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

ORIGINATORS OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE

Steering Committee. In Cheboygan, Mich., the town fathers solemnly passed an ordinance calling for a \$5 fine on any motorist caught driving with a woman on his lap.

Cold Outside. In Juneau, Alaska, Mrs. Matthew Wilson reported that she had seen neither hide nor hair of her husband since he strolled naked from their home, saying: "Where I'm going, I won't need any clothes."

One for the Money. In New Haven, Conn., after she was put on probation for altering a \$10 state welfare check to read \$110, Connie Gianelli was charged with kiting a \$10 state welfare check to \$1,110 in order to make good on the first check.

Bad Dream. In Detroit, soon after a passenger announced that this was "a stick-up" and told him to "keep on going," Cab Driver Arthur Stevens noticed that his fare had dozed off, kept on going to the police station.

Squeeze Play. In San Fernando, Calif., Jean Connors got a gift-wrapped, 4-ft. boa constrictor from her boy friend, who explained: "I wanted to give her something different."

Salt in the Wound. In Defiance, Ohio, Richard A. McClure, 20, tried to commit suicide, winged himself in the shoulder, drew a \$25 fine and a suspended 30-day sentence for discharging a firearm within the city limits.

Wage & Hour Act. In Indianapolis, thieves who broke into the Githens Cabinet Co. plant punched in on a time clock at 10:26 p.m., gathered \$1,500 worth of tools and \$10 cash, punched out at 11:19 p.m.

Night Entrance. In Scranton, Pa., after being turned away from a saloon that was closed for the night, Francis J. Mann got in by ramming it twice with his car, thus demolishing 1) the front door, 2) a clutch of cuspidors, 3) half the bar.

Curb Service. In Chicago, Detective Andrew Stryzinski rushed into a drugstore to check a robbery report, was promptly disarmed and laid low by three crooks, who departed with \$168 and his car.

Dead Certain. In London, the *Funeral Workers' Journal* wished its subscribers the very best for 1953, added: "During the year we have achieved further successes. The new year will provide opportunities for further advances."

Victim. In Mineola, L.I., Dennis McKnight, arrested for drunk driving, was held in \$500 bail after he told the judge that two men had held him up, taken his wallet, forcibly plied him with so much whiskey that he couldn't remember what they looked like or where it all happened.

*For those with a flair
for better living*



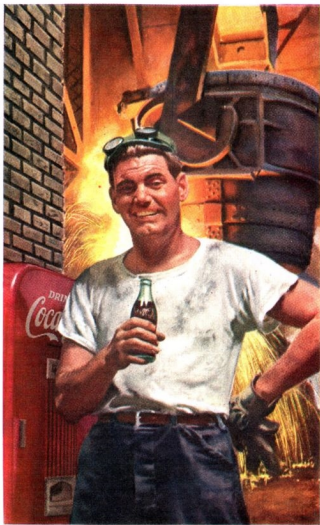
Kentucky Tavern, traditional symbol of gracious hospitality, is a rare and distinctive Bourbon with a taste that cannot be matched. Those with a flair for better living make it part of their way of life, giving added lustre to this finest of all Kentucky Bourbons.

Glenmore Distilleries Company
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little minute
for a big rest*



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They pause now and then for a Coke...
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have found it dependable as sunrise?

Never mind...it's there;
ready to help you work refreshed.



You trust its quality